

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



00019513798 ●



Class F866

Book B91

Copyright N^o _____

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT:



Let our Mottoes be: HAPPY HOMES AND THE GOLDEN RULE.

Sincerely,

GEO. W. BRYAN.

THE LURE OF THE PAST THE PRESENT AND FUTURE

By
GEORGE W. BRYAN

HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE OBSERVATIONS
AND IMPRESSIONS OF THE PAST
PRESENT AND FUTURE

Illustrated

LOS ANGELES
E. G. NEWTON COMPANY, PRINTERS
1911

F866

.B91

Copyright, 1911, by Geo. W. Bryan

11.25

© Cl. A303703

NO. 1



MISS BERTHA BRYAN.

To My Daughter

WHO HAS BEEN MY INSPIRATION WHILE WRITING, MY
COMPANION WHILE TRAVELING, AND MY PARTNER
IN ALL MATERIAL THINGS, THIS BOOK IS MOST
AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

THE LURE OF THE PAST
THE PRESENT AND FUTURE

THE LURE OF THE PAST THE PRESENT AND FUTURE

This narrative of incidents might have been written about other families who crossed the plains in the fifties, but of the many who made the trip, a very few stayed to develop the vast resources of the state of California. Of those who stayed, only a few are left to tell their experience of pioneer life, and they have lived more than four score years and will soon join those who have gone before.

This story as related to me by one of these pioneers begins in Kentucky, in the year 1845 and ends in California, in the year 1911, sixty-six years, two generations, twice the average life of man. There have been many changes in that time. Young people of the present time can hardly realize the hardships, the privations, the obstacles encountered and overcome by their ancestors sixty years or more ago. Then I ask you to go with me on this pilgrimage, that we may share together the joys and sorrows, the sunshine and shadow that make and mar the life of every family.

Go with me in fancy and imagine you are standing on a high hill which extends from Cairo on the west to Ashland, Kentucky, on the east, a distance of six hundred miles or more. This hill is not continuous, but broken only where some smaller river empties its water into and becomes a part of the great Ohio river. The month is October, and the year is 1845. As we stand on this

Ohio river hill and look north, we see the southern border of the state of Ohio. The hills are covered with forests, with now and then a farm house and a space of cleared land. The foliage in this month is beautifully tinted with red, brown, orange and green. The air is filled with a golden mist. At the base of the river hill on the Ohio side nestles the city of New Richmond. We see the smoke rising from a large distillery and a few factories. Casting our vision east or west we see the waters of the beautiful Ohio river in its serpentine course swiftly and surely going to swell the waters of the great father of them all, and while we stand gazing at nature's handiwork, let us not forget that we are in a village, where a few hundred people live. The houses are built on either side of the highway for a mile or more; a few stores, a blacksmith shop, a church, post office and school house—just like any other village except the location—being situated on the river hill, presenting a grander view to look upon and a landscape beautiful beyond description.

October 21, 1845 was a beautiful day. The sky was clear, but you could gaze at the sun through that Indian Summer haze that never fails to come in the month of October in the middle west, and that great body which is the source of heat and light to our planet seems like a ball of fire hung in illimitable space. To my mind, October is the month among the twelve that most vividly shows the analogy of the seasons to human life from the days of childhood to that of old age. The summer is ended, the crops are garnered and preparations are being made for the coming winter. Nature, creative energy of the material universe, with the aid of man has done her part in furnishing the material blessings to mankind and is now preparing for a season of rest whereby the lost energy may be recovered and when spring time comes the vital-

izing power of Mother Earth will assert itself and joy and gladness will reign supreme.

So is life, in the spring time life seems one perpetual round of pleasure and happiness. Youth and young manhood assert their exclusive or peculiar privilege and look forward to the summer of life, with a longing born of impatience. What marvelous achievements are in store for them, their ideals are the highest conception of perfection in all created things and the privilege is theirs to obtain them and use them as their own. And now comes the summer of life, the reality. How few measure up to the standard of their spring time ambitions.

“Life is like a mighty river
Rolling on from day to day,
Men like vessels launched upon it
Sometimes wrecked and cast away.”

Not always or necessarily so; there is no danger if the Divine Master be the pilot. He will guide the vessel along the seductive channel of life into the haven of rest. Good deeds, faith in the pilot and the Golden Rule are the helmsmen that will aid the pilot in bringing the vessel into the harbor. It may have been wrecked, but never cast away, if these principles have been strictly adhered to. And at the end of the hurry and bustle of life, when the autumn of quiet begins to steal over one's being and the hair is tinged with gray and the step is less buoyant and the eyes have grown dim, these are only harbingers of the inevitable change from the Summer to the Autumn of life. But how thankful we should be for this opportunity to examine ourselves and if possible make amends for our short-comings.

When we look back over our Summer of life and

see the mistakes we have made, if our life has been a success as the world sees it, are we satisfied? If God has given us an abundance of this world's goods, have we used them for His glory? If He has given us health and happiness, have we fully appreciated them and given thanks for the blessings? Soon the Winter of life in all its fullness will be ours with its joys, if we are conscious of the fact that our lives have been well spent, but with its sorrows when we realize that we have lived on the husks as did the prodigal son.

Happy must be the person who from the Winter of life can contemplate the past with the thought that, day by day the best had been done, according to the light that had been given and who can realize that if it were possible to live this earthly life over again it could not be different from what it had been. Surely there is nothing more to wish for in this world than that at the end of the journey there will be peace and rest.

On a sultry day in July, a young man of perhaps eighteen years old was walking slowly along a country road toward the river, which could be seen a few miles away, from the higher elevations in the road. He was a sturdy fellow, his broad shoulders fully developed and well proportioned body showed physical strength. His eyes were cast down, but that broad brow and clean cut face showed mental power. His personality showed he was a lad of sensitive feeling but inflexible will. One of those who, wherever found will always be on the side of right and justice. He carried a bundle in which was contained all he possessed of this world's goods, a change of clothing. He looked neither to the right nor left. His very soul was bowed, not with shame but with sorrow, for he had said goodbye to that mother he loved so well. He was leaving the home of his childhood, because he

could not live in peace with his father. Some one had said and whether true or not, I will let you be the judge: "There is a sadness in youth into which the old cannot enter. It seems unreal and causeless. But it is even more bitter and burdensome than the sadness of age. There is a sting of resentment in it, a fever of angry surprise that the world should so soon be a disappointment, and life so early take on the look of failure. It has little reason in it, perhaps, but it has all the more weariness and gloom, because the youth who is oppressed by it feels dimly that it is an unnatural thing that he should be tired of living before he has fairly begun to live." Not so with this young man, the world was before him, there was no sadness in his heart because he thought of failure, but a feeling of joy and gladness that he had launched out on the sea of life to fight the waves of privation and poverty and by and by enter the harbor of success and happiness.

He quickened his steps that he might reach the river before the day was gone, and already the shadows had begun to lengthen, showing plainly that the afternoon was passing. When he reached the river, he tied two pieces of timber together with bark taken from a hickory shrub,—on this raft he placed his clothing and pushed it to the opposite side while he swam behind it. He reached an uncle's home, who lived a few miles from the river, a short time after night had fallen. He told his uncle he had left home never to return and that he wanted work. His uncle told him he had a field of oats that were ready to cut and that he would give him two dollars and fifty cents for the work. When this job was done he received his first wages as a hired hand. A few days later, he hired two Quaker brothers who owned a farm

and a mill. The brothers liked him so well and treated him so kindly that he worked for them several years.

The young man saved his money, he had no bad habits, did not use tobacco in any form, did not drink intoxicants or play cards. He was a model young man. He owned a splendid saddle horse as that was before the day of buggies and automobiles. He wore good clothes and his moral excellence, his strength of character, his uprightness, his personality were the charms that gave him ready admittance into the best society.

When he was twenty-three years old he became acquainted with a young lady who lived in a village six or seven miles from where he worked. She was charming, intelligent and refined. She was twenty years old, her face and form were beautiful and her character was unquestioned. Her parents were well-to-do, in fact among the wealthy families of the village or surrounding country; they were above the average. The young man thought he was highly favored when he was permitted to call at the young lady's home to take her to places of social amusement or to church, for she was a member of the village church and seldom failed to attend the services.

Time passed, the young man was very happy, and the young lady seemed glad and encouraged his attentions. But the time had come when he must know his fate. He had made up his mind he would ask this young lady, to him the fairest of them all, to go with him on life's pilgrimage, that they might have joy and sorrow together, that success or failure should be theirs in common, that he would ask her to walk side by side with him as he fought the great battle of life. No doubt came into his mind what the answer would be when the momentous question was asked. But, strange to say, when he told

her of his love and asked her to be his wife, she said, "No, I cannot." She never forgot the look of anguish and pain that swept over his face. She said, "For two years, as you know, I kept company with a young man, one whom I admired very much. I thought he was a good man, but I was mistaken, he went to the bad. I esteem you highly and appreciate your love for and interest in me, and yet I must say no to your proposal." The young man went out from her presence, crushed and bowed as he was, there was no vindictive spirit manifest. He returned home and worked harder, a sure panacea for a disturbed mind. As the days and weeks passed by, the young lady would often wonder whether she had done the right thing in refusing the offer that had been made by a man who was worthy of her love just because some other man had gone wrong.

Three months had passed, no token or sign of reconciliation; they had not met since that memorable evening. One Sunday morning he mounted his saddle horse and rode along the highway not caring which way he went. He gave the horse the rein, while his mind was busy in reverie or meditation of what had taken place in his life in the past year. He felt lonesome and forsaken, the one for whom he would have given his life had rejected him—why stay here longer, he would go West and try to forget the one who had caused so much joy and sorrow. "Hello," some one said, "where are you going this morning?" He looked up and saw that he was entering the village. In answer to his friend's question, he said: "I am out for a morning ride." "Well," his friend said: "there is preaching at the church this morning, you had better go."

"All right, I believe I will," the young man replied.

After the service, while he was standing in front of

the church some one touched him on the arm and said in a low sweet voice: "Let us take a walk, father will take care of your horse." They strolled through the woodland, under and in the shade of the spreading branches of the oak, the beech and maple on this glad Sabbath day. The birds were singing their sweetest summer songs, the squirrel was jumping from bough to bough and the tiny chipmunk sat on its haunches at the root of a tree and nibbled at the nut it held in its paws. Overhead through the rifts in the dense foliage could be seen the fleecy cloud floating lazily between earth and the dome-shaped canopy of the deepest blue; a hawk sailed in the far distance, never a motion of its outstretched wings could be seen but ever alert for its prey beneath, it gave no heed to time. The busy bee flitted from flower to flower regardless of the seventh day commandment. Nature was busy, but outside this woodland there was a venerable silence on the world, and as these young people strolled and talked, nature with its blandishments was forgotten. An ideal place for reconciled lovers, and after their stroll they sat on the trunk of a fallen tree 'neath the spreading branches of the giant elm tree, whose dense foliage permitted no ray of sunshine to percolate and dazzle the eye as the gentle breeze swept tranquilly over the woodland green. The drone of the bee, the song of the bird, the sweet perfume of the wild flowers wafted on the mid-summer air was lost to them, for they were planning for the future, the past was forgotten, for the present hour was more than the months they had been separated.

It is a pleasure to think of young people as sometime being happy in a home of their own and all that home life means. Some there are who through youth and on to old age are toiling always, no limit to their endurance and no respite from a strenuous life. They build a home,

which those who come after them must inhabit, but their labor is not in vain, the example of the singleness of purpose in life has shown their weakness, the real and genuine happiness that ought to have been theirs is lost, because they lived alone.

These young people planned better than they knew, a long and eventful life was before them, the unhappy days of the past were overshadowed by the joys of the present and the probable happiness of the future as they should journey hand in hand up the pathway of life to the summit and then quietly down to the valley of old age and to rest. Slowly and happily they wended their way to the home of the young lady, where on that quiet and holy Sabbath day, they sought and received the sanction of her parents to their betrothal.

On that beautiful twenty-first day of October, in the year eighteen hundred and forty-five, at the pleasant home of her parents, Mary Gregg Herndon placed her hand in that of William Evermont Bryan and the minister of her own church pronounced the beautiful ceremony that made them husband and wife. They had a bright future before them; to them would come, as they have to all others, the joys and sorrows, the privations and success of life, but why dwell on these, the future would take care of itself, the present is the auspicious time in which to live.

For several years these young people lived on a farm, a few miles from Carthage. In 1850 they bought a half interest in a general store in the village to which place they moved to make their future home. But the partner in the store was not the kind of man he ought to have been, and while Mr. Bryan was away boating on the Ohio river from New Richmond to Cincinnati, the store proved a losing investment. In the winter of 1853, they made up their minds to go to Missouri and cast their lot with the

people of the farther West. However in those seven years they had by dint of hard work and economy made and saved considerable money. They converted all their interests into cash, and had more than they cared to take with them, so a goodly sum was deposited in a bank at Newport, Kentucky, to be used in the future as they deemed advisable, but, alas! in a few months the door of the bank closed for repairs and never opened, and others enjoyed the benefit of their deposit.

How sad it is to leave the home of childhood, of youth and young manhood to go out into the world to dwell among strangers. If it is sad for the man, it is doubly so for the woman, since for the vast majority of them the woman's home is her world, and to give up a pleasant home and sever the ties that bind one to pleasant associations is a trial that makes the bravest grow faint. On March 15, 1853, this family bade farewell to their relatives and friends and embarked on a steamboat at Cincinnati for St. Louis, little dreaming how long and how far they would travel and what privations they would endure before they had a home again as pleasant as the one they had left.

They took with them a team of fine horses, a wagon, some household goods and a family of four children, two sons and two daughters, the youngest daughter being at this time three months old. At St. Louis, they added to their stock some agricultural implements with which to farm after they reached their destination. After staying at St. Louis for a few days they took a boat for St. Joseph, Missouri, a distance of over four hundred miles up the Missouri river. This was a slow and tedious trip for the channel is ever changing, the water is muddy and the current is swift, but they reached the port in due time. They stopped with a cousin, Hunt Bryan, who

had been living here for a few years. While there, they received a letter from two brothers, N. B. and J. S. Bryan, who had gone to California the year before, urging them to cross the plains to the Eldorado of the West. I have no doubt when this family thought of the pleasant home a thousand miles east of them, their eyes grew dim with tears and their hearts were heavy and sad, but they were young and brave. When they thought of the future and all its possibilities, that they had each other and their children, the clouds of discontent would vanish and peace and quiet would fill their souls and reign supreme. And yet it was an immense undertaking, four little children with no protection between the sky and earth to keep off the pitiless storm, except a covering of canvas. Two thousand miles to the West; vast plains and lofty mountains whose peaks pierce the clouds fourteen thousand feet above the sea level, where the eternal snow never melts, through storms perhaps of hail and rain and wind; across swirling rivers through fertile valleys, across burning deserts, all these must be met and overcome before their journey ended. When they thought of the privations and of the hardships with which they would have to contend, it was enough to make the heart grow faint, but what did this young wife and mother say when her husband asked her if they should go on or stay in Missouri? Like Ruth of old, she said: "Where thou goest, I will go. Thy God shall be my God. Where thou diest, I will die and there will I be buried." And the preparations for the westward journey began.

They bought four yoke of oxen and all the provisions they could haul, consisting of bacon, beans, flour, sugar, coffee, rice, hard tack and a cooking outfit such as campers usually use and bedding enough to make them comfortable. Disposing of their household goods and leaving

their farming implements with a dealer in that kind of goods, and for which they never received a penny, they left St. Joseph about the 15th of April for Ft. Kearney, a hundred miles or more up the Platte river. When they reached this point, they had trouble in crossing the river, but by the use of pike poles to propel the boat, they finally got across. The caravan consisted of six men, three women, six children, six head of horses, eight yoke of oxen and three wagons; one of the wagons was used for the women and children to sleep in, the others for hauling supplies. When they first started, they used tents, but found the ground too cold and damp, causing some chills and fever, so the tents were abandoned.

When they left Fort Kearney, they followed what was known as the Mormon trace, up the Platte river. After several days' travel on the plains they had gone into camp for the night when one of the worst storms came up that they had ever seen or dreamed of, rain, hail and wind which raged for hours, blowing the covers off the wagons, soaking their clothing through and through, the hail cutting the hands of the men while they tried to hold the covers on the wagons. The stock were stampeded and half of the next day was spent in getting them into camp. A sad experience to begin with! This emigrant train is now going up the Platte river and for many miles they will pass closely along the south bank. Broad plains are the principal features, skirted in places with low abrupt hills.

A brief description of the river seems necessary at this point, as its source is in the Rocky Mountains and is confluent with the Missouri river, a few miles south of Omaha. The Platte is a treacherous river, the channel is continually changing, caused by the vast quantities of sand which are continually floating down its muddy tide.



Crossing the Plains in 1853.

The sand is also treacherous, and woe to the unlucky emigrants who attempted to cross this stream before they became acquainted with the fords. The average width of the river, from where it empties into the Missouri to the junction of the North and South forks, is about three-quarters of a mile. But the river must be crossed by the emigrants. In crossing the river, should the wagons come to a stop, down they sank in the yielding quicksand until they were imbedded so firmly that it required more than double the original force to pull them out of the sandy bed. Some of the men would be in the water for hours to keep their teams moving and yet there was a fascination about this mode of traveling, and in a way it was enjoyable.

When the feed for the stock was plentiful, the emigrants would travel but a short distance in a day; if it was scarce, they would make longer drives. There were plenty of buffalo on the plains. Indians would come to the camps and beg for food; often they would be refused, for the emigrants must take care of their store of provisions, for there were no supplies to be had on the way.

About two weeks after leaving Fort Kearney, on account of a misunderstanding, Mr. Bryan and family left the train of a Mr. Burril, who did not prove congenial, and joined the train of Mr. Kimbal from Illinois. The latter was a man who had made three trips across the plains before and who proved to be a perfect gentleman. He was taking across the plains about twenty milch cows, and the milk was a great help and satisfaction to the children as well as the older ones. And now our emigrants are fully launched on this broad thoroughfare with the first rays of the morning sun piercing the rear of their prairie schooners, and as he sank below the western

horizon, the last tint of light was thrown into the front, to be repeated day after day and week after week ever westward.

There was an almost unbroken train at times of emigrant wagons. Some would be met coming back, discouraged and homesick. These were the days and these plains the place that tried men's mettle; there was danger between civilization and the land of their desires. There was no trouble to find the road across the plains, for the sign-marks were the bleached skulls of cattle that had perished the few years previous, and many mounds could be seen where some poor emigrant, overcome by sickness the year before, laid down here and gave up the fainting spirit to Him who gave it, or perhaps gave up his life while defending his wife and children from the savage Indians, who attacked the train in the gray dawn or darker night. This trail lead from old Fort Kearney on the Missouri river to Newport Kearney on the Platte, through Nebraska to Fort Laramie in Wyoming, then to Fort Steele and on to Salt Lake City in Utah. At Fort Steele, the Mormon trail leads to the southwest, and the Lewis and Clark trail to the northwest. Independence rock and the Devil's gate are close together. Some say that Lewis and Clark passed through Devil's Canyon in canoes, but Mrs. Bryan says it would be impossible to go through and come out alive. She climbed to the summit of the gate and looked down. A sight greeted her eyes never to be forgotten. The channel was narrow and the water went dashing, tumbling and churning itself into foam against the jagged rocks, so that a canoe would be dashed to splinters in a short time.

Crossing the mountains from the foothills at Fort Laramie is not a difficult task. You would hardly know or realize the fact except by the rough and rocky road

compared with the plains. On leaving Salt Lake City, the trail was on the east shore of Salt Lake to the north end of the lake, then southwest to the twenty-eight mile desert in Nevada. At the east side of the desert they made ample provision for their stock and crossed without serious inconvenience, leaving only a few cattle on the desert and they were brought out the next day after the train of emigrants had reached Ragtown, which at this time was a trading post.

Two young men had been sent by Mr. Kimbal after the cattle and when coming up to Ragtown from their camp, which had been made a half mile away, they saw a young man with an ox and heard him trying to sell him to the owner of the trading post. The young man told the storekeeper not to buy the ox as he belonged to his boss. The one who had been caught in the act of trying to sell something that did not belong to him turned on his accuser and, pulling out his gun, shot him, killing him instantly. This tragedy caused quite an excitement in the camps of the emigrants and Ragtown, but the man was never punished for his crime. The death of this young man was a sad incident and one that caused great sorrow among the emigrants, with whom he was intimately associated.

At this time and place, an event of unusual interest occurred to Mr. Bryan and his family. Their supply of bacon was exhausted. One of his fellow emigrants had told him he would let him have bacon, but when he went after it, another of the party said, "We have none to spare." "All right," he said, "I will try the trading post." When he went into the store he asked the proprietor if he had any bacon to sell. "I have none to sell," he replied. "But," said the man, in a casual manner, "where are you from?" He told him he was from Kentucky.

and looking at his would-be customer more closely, he said, "Yes, you are Wm. Bryan." "Yes, and you are Sol Perrin," was the reply. This meeting, though accidental, was a happy one. Mr. Perrin had married Miss Rosette Stowers, a cousin of Mr. Bryan's, and the year before they had come west with Mr. Bryan's brothers. Nothing would do but the Bryan family must come and spend the night with them. Mrs. Bryan said she put on her best clothes, dressed her children in their visiting attire and went from their camp to spend the night with relatives, who lived in a sure enough house, made out of tent canvas at the bottom and brush thrown over the top. That was an auspicious night, an oasis in the desert of their pilgrimage, and needless to say, when they started the next day they had bacon enough to last them the remainder of their journey.

And now, after a few days' rest near Ragtown, our emigrant train broke camp and started into the foothills and across the great Sierra Nevada Mountains. The peaks of this range are not as high as those of the Rockies by several thousand feet, but the passes are more dangerous, and it is a historical fact that more people perished in the Sierras than in the Rockies during the emigrant days to the Pacific Coast. After several days of strenuous, disagreeable and dangerous traveling, the summit was finally reached. At a short distance south of Lake Tahoe, soon after they had gone into camp on the summit, one of those mountain storms came up and caused more suffering than at any time during their journey. Some of the men had gone with the stock a mile or more from camp, as there was no forage nearer and the stock must be provided for. First it rained, then sleet, then snow; the wind blew a gale, and cold—you cannot imagine how cold. The men at the camp built

great fires and the children were put to bed and the lids of skillets and ovens were heated and placed around them to keep them from freezing. Then they would fire guns at intervals so that the men who had gone with the stock might find their way back to the camp. After awhile the latter came in almost exhausted from fighting their way through the storm.

And now on the 15th day of September, 1853, six months from the time they left their pleasant and comfortable home at Carthage, Kentucky, we find the Bryan family at a mining place called Virginia flat in Eldorado county, California, with four yoke of oxen, two horses, a wagon, four children and three dollars in money. No doubt they were glad to be at their journey's end for the present. After coming a distance of perhaps three thousand miles, through heat and cold, under clouds and sunshine, by water and land, across plains and deserts, over mountains and through valleys, surely they were entitled to a rest. They moved all their goods into a cabin built with three logs on a side and covered with shakes or boards. Their household goods consisted of their bedding, clothing and camp outfit which they had brought with them. And yet they were happy, for they had been well and hearty. Mrs. Bryan said she had walked two-thirds of the distance and was feeling fine when they got to their new home. However, the pleasure at reaching their destination was only to last for a brief period, for the great problem of making a living must be met and overcome. Mr. Bryan was anxious to find his brothers. He visited many mining camps and made inquiry without success. Finally one day a miner asked him where he was from and when he told him Kentucky, he told him there was a man working at a certain place they called Kaintuck who might know of his brothers. When he

found this man, he proved to be one of his brothers, N. B. Bryan. The other brother, J. S., was quite a distance away working for a lady who had nursed him through a very severe case of measles the year before while crossing the plains, and was now paying the debt with his labor.

Mining in those days was very uncertain. It was done by washing the gold dust from the dirt in what they called rockers, long Toms and sluices. Do not think that gold dust means tiny particles like sand; it means particles ranging in size from that of a pin-head to a good-sized nugget. Some people made fortunes, but the vast majority only a living. Mr. Bryan's first work was to go after the goods of an emigrant who had been stranded by losing his team. On this first trip he was gone ten days. After that he hauled supplies from Sacramento to the miners in the mountains and to the trading posts scattered along the trail of the emigrants. These long drives after their long trip across the plains caused his oxen to get so thin that he was compelled to take them to the valley between Placerville and Sacramento to forage for a living and take on flesh.

The winter of 1853-4 was a memorable one for the Bryan family. They were in close quarters, but had plenty to eat, although of the commonest kind. The master of the house was gone much of the time, having found a light wagon by the roadside that probably had been abandoned by prospectors, which he would hitch his horses to and haul many a party of miners from one camp to another to attend dances or other amusements, for which service he was well paid. Like all other winters in the past, this winter came to an end and found them in good health and ready to work at whatever they could find to do. They traded their team of horses for a ranch of fifty acres, in the hills, two miles from Virginia

Flat, on which was a three-log house that had been used for a trading post.

They lived on this ranch for five years, having built a comfortable house, but the land was not productive. Potatoes and other vegetables would not materialize. In the meantime, the ox teams were kept busy hauling supplies across the mountains to the mines, and shakes and shingles back to Sacramento. Hay was selling at eighty dollars per ton and rather than take the hay from the oxen the family used pine leaves for bedding. Mrs. Bryan washed and baked bread for the miners and timber men. The children peddled milk to the miners; in fact, every one worked, as well as father. Whenever they had money enough, they would buy a cow.

In 1855 their youngest son, William, was born. In the fall of this year Mr. Bryan, with a partner, went prospecting for gold. At one place they dug a hole several feet deep and, not finding that for which they were seeking, they concluded to leave their picks and shovels in the hole to hold their claim, go home and return the next year. On returning the next year, they found their claim had been taken, and they were told that the parties who had worked their claim had taken out ninety thousand dollars by going a few feet deeper.

In the year 1859, having sold their ranch, they moved to Clarksville, about thirty miles towards Sacramento, and ran a small dairy. In 1860 they bought a timber claim from Mr. Chandler, who had a contract to furnish logs to the Atlantic mills and lumber company. This mill was in the mountains near Sly Park, fifty miles from Clarksville. The family moved to the timber claim, except the two oldest boys, who were left at Clarksville to look after the dairy. About this time they took a claim on quite a large tract of land in Sacramento county, four-

teen miles from Sacramento City and known as the Fol-some grant. Now the financial condition of the family began to improve. Mrs. Bryan had moved into a house near the mill and she and her oldest daughter cooked for fifteen men who worked in the timber and at the mill, and for this they received seven dollars per week, or one hundred and five dollars, besides many transient boarders. In the fall her pocketbook would measure favorably with that of her husband's. For three years they stayed on the timber claim in the summer and on their valley ranch in the winter. The two boys would move their dairy cows to the mountains and furnish butter to their mother for her boarders.

In October, 1862, Damarius, their youngest daughter, who was now nearly ten years old, was stricken with diphtheria and after a brief illness the Master took her home. She was a beautiful child and her kind and amiable disposition had so impressed the family and all who knew her, that her absence was sorely felt. In the fall of 1863 they moved to the ranch to stay, having built a comfortable house. They were soon farming on a large scale and also engaged in the sheep-raising industry and, besides, they kept hauling freight with mule and ox teams. The virgin soil produced phenomenal crops, of wheat as much as forty bushels and barley fifty bushels to the acre. At this time, about the close of the Civil War, and for several years after, grain sold for good prices. Their ranch consisted of four thousand two hundred acres, besides they owned eight hundred acres on Deer Creek about eight miles from the home ranch. They dealt in cattle extensively, and from all their resources they realized a handsome return in a financial way; in other words, they were making plenty of money.

In the spring of 1867, Mr. Bryan, with his wife and

daughter Maggie, returned east on a visit, going from San Francisco to the Isthmus of Panama by steamer, across the isthmus by rail and then by steamer to New York, returning in the fall by the same route. This trip cost them two thousand dollars for the three. During their absence their oldest son, Alonzo W., looked after their band of sheep which at this time numbered five thousand, and Elijah H. looked after the interests of the ranch and superintended the building of a large barn. At this time their land was worth about six dollars an acre. In the latter part of the year 1910 the ranch was sold to the Natoma Consolidated Co. for forty dollars an acre. In 1873 Mr. Bryan was elected a member of the Assembly on the Independent ticket, where he served one term with credit to himself and with satisfaction to his constituents.

Mr. Bryan and his sons continued farming and in the sheep business until 1876, when he divided his land among his four children, reserving four hundred acres in the center of the ranch for himself. He often made the remark that when he most needed help was when he first started in life to make a home for himself and family. And as he had been eminently successful, with the help of his wife and children, in accumulating enough of this world's goods to make them all comfortable, he felt it a duty he owed his children to provide them with a home, as they had been so devoted to his interests and helped to make what he had.

In 1880 he and his wife left the ranch and moved to Alameda. He invested ten thousand dollars in real estate on Pacific avenue. This money he had received on a ten-year endowment policy. He was twice elected a member of the board of trustees and was sought after again to serve on the board, but declined. The building

of the Santa Clara Avenue M. E. church and parsonage in Alameda was made possible by this man and family. They donated the lot on which they were built and gave of their labor more than any other family, and when completed there was no debt to be provided for. Several persons have since told me that if it had not been for Grandpa and Grandma Bryan the church and parsonage would never have been built. And today you can see a picture of Mr. Bryan in the lecture room, an indication that he was highly esteemed by the members, and showing that he was indeed the father of the church.

In October, 1895, they celebrated their golden wedding anniversary, surrounded by their children and grandchildren, named respectively as follows: Maggie C. Morris and children, May and Will; Alonzo W. Bryan, wife and children, Lessie, Bert and Archie; Elijah H. Bryan, wife and daughter Vivian; Wm. F. Bryan, wife and children, Macie, Hazen, Ralph, Arthur and Edna. This was a memorable occasion and one never to be forgotten. As the parents glanced at the joyful and loving faces around them, their eyes grew dim with happy tears and their memories wandered back to the time, a half century ago, when they first plighted their troth and took up life's burden together. A bountiful dinner was served to all present and in the evening many friends called to extend hearty congratulations. Among the many presents received was a gold watch to the mother and a gold-headed umbrella to the father from the children, and a gold berry spoon from the grandchildren. A touching feature of the gathering was a second ceremony performed by the Rev. J. J. Martin, pastor of the Santa Clara Avenue M. E. church, when once again the happy couple plighted their troth.

Mr. and Mrs. Bryan made four trips to the east, the

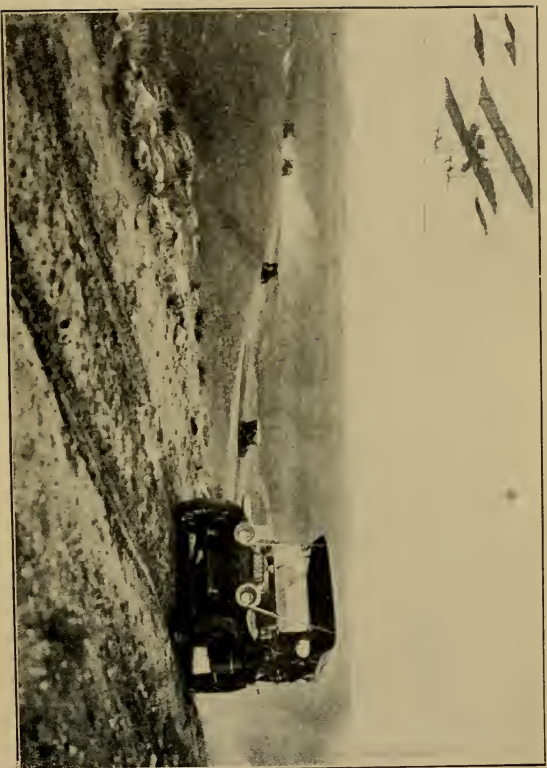
last one in 1897, at which time they visited Washington City and witnessed the inauguration of President McKinley. They would go in the spring and return in the fall and, whenever possible, go by different routes, which was a source of great enjoyment, for they loved to travel, and seeing things is better than hearing about them, although it is a great privilege and pleasure to hear and read of things as they are to one who does not have the opportunity of seeing them. From 1897 this aged couple lived the quiet, simple life for twelve years as becomes those who have lived a long, useful and active life. This was the Autumn and nearing the Winter of life spoken of elsewhere.

I have often thought the most beautiful and perfect life was the one in which a man and woman joined by the holy bonds of wedlock could travel hand in hand up the eastern pathway of life until the summit is reached and then down the western slope, hand in hand, to the brink of the river where the loved ones on the other side are waiting to welcome them home. A beautiful life, no discord, no fault-finding, no severe criticism, but love and harmony and encouragement and good cheer. That seems to me to be the ideal life. How many live it?

Wm. E. Bryan was a man of sterling integrity. He was one of those who lived not for himself alone, but to make the world about him better and happier. Those who came in contact with him in a business or social way felt the force of his personality and respected him for his positive convictions on public questions. He was not afraid to express his opinion on any subject vital to the betterment of his country or his fellow men; an ideal husband, father and citizen. On July 22, 1909, he passed to his reward at the age of eighty-seven years and nine months. Truly, a good life well lived had come

to a close. His life work was ended. An example had been left to those who had known him best. His body was laid away in the beautiful Mountain View cemetery on the western hillside east of the city of Oakland, where the grass is touched by the last rays of the setting sun just before he sinks to rest in the great bosom of the mighty ocean and, like man, to rise bright and beautiful in the morning.

And now in the conclusion of this history of pioneer life in the West, and down to the present time, June, 1911, may I not ask you citizens of California this question: Do you not owe these men and women who crossed the plains sixty years or more ago a debt of gratitude? Aye, more, you owe them a benign and reverent benediction in their old age because they have made it possible for you to live in a State in some ways the best in the Union; therefore, I charge you not to forget the pioneer settlers. I love to listen to Mrs. Bryan as she tells of her long life of joy and sorrow, of adversity and prosperity, and best of all is to hear her say that through all these experiences she has never lost faith in God. Sometimes the clouds of poverty and privation would almost shut out the sun of Righteousness, then the sweet words of comfort would come to her mind, "All things work together for good to them that love the Lord." The clouds would roll away and peace and happiness would fill her soul. And now in her eighty-seventh year, at her pleasant home in Alameda, surrounded by her children and grandchildren, who are a source of great pleasure and comfort to her, we find her waiting for the Master to say, "Well done, good and faithful servant, come up higher." Waiting, but not idle, remarkably strong in body and mind, she is busy every day visiting the sick, comforting and aiding the needy



Crossing the Continent in 1911.

and living the Christ life. She keeps her mind and body employed, and her great desire is that her loved ones here on earth may so live that they may meet her at the river that flows by the throne of God.



A GOOD BOOK

A good book, whether a novel or not, is one that leaves you farther on than when you took it up. If when you have read it, it leaves you just where you were before reading it, with no finer outlook, no clearer vision, no stimulated desires for that which is better and higher, then it is in no sense a good book. If when you have read this book, you do not feel that you have advanced even one step toward a stronger and better life—it is in no sense a good book. In every book there ought to be a thought in it that will help the reader, for as the writer has given his thoughts to the world, it ought to be for some definite purpose. If for money only, the writer has failed; if for love of humanity each succeeding book is better, this is true as you know of some modern writers.

We will find as we look back on the journey of life up to the present time, the moments that stand out prominently before us and the moments when we have really enjoyed life are the moments when we have done things in a spirit of love and have done things that we feel have been a benefit to a fellow being. But, oh, how we try to forget the mean things we have done! They, too, stand out prominently before us at times, but they have been blotted out to a certain extent and, although the scars are there and will always remain, yet the better life has healed them over. Surely we should try to make the world better, and if we only persuade one soul to lead a better life we leave the world better than we found it.

Last night I read in a book written by a noted English author these words: "Fools! They were living in the

Hell they feared. Their punishment was now. They had long been damned. While they lived God, the Avenger, would punish them inexorably. When they died, God, the merciful Savior, would take them and make them clean. Death, the death they feared and fled from, would be their salvation, as it is every man's." Do you believe, no matter how wicked a man has been in this life, that his punishment is all in this world? Granting it is so, would it not be better and safer and wiser to live the good life as we are passing? All men who have tried both kinds agree that the good life is the happier one in this world, and the credits on the Lamb's Book of Life might help to insure a permanent residence in "that city not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens." The lives of men and women are read just as surely as books. It is said, and no doubt truthfully, that every man is exactly what he looks. The face always reveals or betrays. If your life has not been made better and stronger by reading and studying the life of an intimate friend, then his life, like a book, is in no sense a good one, for the aim of life should be to lend a helping hand to those who are less fortunate. To set a good example before children and the world, to lighten the burdens of those who need sympathy, comfort and aid, a kind word, a pleasant answer to a question, a smile even, goes a long way toward reading a man's life. Men are won by what they approve. They are led to imitate what they admire. Actions that are worthy of praise never stand alone. They are transmitted from one to another, creating impressions according to their worth. As you grow ready for it, somewhere or sometime, you will find what you need—in a book, or a friend, or it may be in your own thoughts. If in a book, it will not be one of froth, but of good thought, where you can see the pure gold in the

rubbish and profit will ne'er escape, for you will hide it in your breast. If in a friend, it will be one in whom you can trust, one who has had long years of experience, and by that experience has learned the better part, the good life, the only one worth living. If in your own thoughts, it will be from reading good books and being in touch with good people, but on the contrary you will find nothing satisfactory or elevating in bad books, bad people or bad thoughts. With these preliminary thoughts to show the bent of the writer's mind and with the hope that somewhere in this book you will find a gem of truth that will give joy and pleasure in the reading and will cause you to pause, if only for a little while and ask yourself the question, "Am I living the best life I know how?"

After you have lived three score and ten years you will see the many mistakes you have made and wonder why you made them. With the experience of our ancestors handed down from one generation to another, and with the marvelous progress made along educational lines, it seems strange we are not wiser in living. And after all, people now are the same as they were seventy years ago. The difference between then and now is in what people have done in a material way for the benefit of mankind. It is said, then there were giants in oratory, such as Webster, Clay, Calhoun and others, in comparison with whom ours are mediocre. Then the primeval forests were being laid low by the woodman's ax, the smoke was curling from the chimney of the pioneer's cabin, now where the mighty oak and kindred trees stood and defied the storms of the centuries past the golden grain waves and nods like an ocean billow. The log cabin home and the fort, like corral for the comfort and protection of the domestic animals, have been replaced by the comfortable modern home and the pretentious barn. Then the horse

stood in front of the cabin saddled and bridled and pawing the ground impatiently and shaking his bit as if eager for the fifty-mile journey to carry back the necessary supplies for the family; now the son or grandson of that same pioneer sits on his veranda reading the morning paper just delivered by the rural mail carrier, and his auto stands in the flower-bordered drive, ready to convey him to the county town a few miles away. Then the swamp covered with water filled the air with poisonous malaria; now the pure sweet air wafted through space like a summer zephyr is like incense made from the honey in flowers or from the perfume of the rose or heliotrope. Then the prairie sod had not been broken in the northwest territories; the wolf, coyote, buffalo and other wild animals held high carnival on the lonesome plains; now on these plains the horse, the cattle and sheep graze undisturbed in the wide pastures. Then the red men were the terror of civilization, now peace reigns, the bow and arrow, the tomahawk, the painted warrior are but a faint memory and the few who are left of the aborigines are law-abiding citizens. Then the rivers were impassable in many places where now great bridges made of steel and wood and iron connect opposite sides, and busy traffic goes on day after day. Then the cities and towns were far apart, now other towns and cities have been made as if by magic, and by steam and trolley distance has been eliminated and the city or town in the next county or state is easy of access and seems like a neighbor. Then the highways were in a condition bordering on uselessness in winter or early spring, now the gravel and macadamized roads permeate every avenue of travel and bad roads are the exception. Then the distance from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean seemed insurmountable, now in a few days with comfort and ease the long dis-

tance is overcome and it is only a pleasure trip from New York City to the Golden West Coast. Then the farmer worked hard early and late to make a living for himself and family, now the farmer lets the machinery do the work while he controls the power that makes farming a pastime and a pleasure. Then the children walked two and three miles to the log school house for a term of three months' school each year, and if a boy in the class missed spelling more than one word of the lesson, the teacher would make him stand on one foot in the corner of the room for half an hour to remind him of his lack of appreciation of the opportunity and privilege of learning to spell; now the children from the outskirts of the township are transported from their homes in the morning to the modern combined grade and high school building, which is near the center of the township, and in the afternoon they are taken home in comfortable wagons made for that purpose, and if the boy fails (not in spelling, as that branch is obsolete) in English or Latin or algebra, he is sent home.

How we people, who have lived a half century or more, wish we were young again. This is certainly a glad era in which to live, and yet we realize that "There is no snow falls lighter than the snow of age, and none is heavier, for it never melts. The old man may sit and sing, I would I were a boy again, but he grows older as he sings." Men who are living today, seventy-five years old, remember these conditions existed, as we have stated them, sixty-six years ago. Our country has made phenomenal progress in that time, and we wonder what the next half or whole century will bring to the children of men in the way of improvements over the present time.

It may be that airships will be as common as street-cars and as useful; and by telepathy friends can converse

with each other across the continent the same as by telephone now; and by strict enforcement of the pure food law, the complete mastery of hygiene, the observance of the laws of the national board of health in every detail, the banishment of the custom of osculation, the entire segregation of children and adults, and with the anti-septic transmitter on the telephone, and the individual drinking cup, when these have been carried out to the letter, future generations may be immune from disease of any kind, except in cases of heredity and even then the health-given environment of the one thus afflicted would be so perfect that disease would soon be eliminated. Then man would be in his prime at eighty and no doubt many would live to be two hundred years old. No wonder our ancestors passed away. Imagine one's grandfather, when he was a boy going to the timberland to cut wood, make rails or shakes, his pockets filled with green apples the size of an English walnut and a little salt tied in a rag snugly stowed away with the apples to give them a relish, imagine him sitting on a log munching apples dipped in salt, and after partaking of this delectable luncheon, we can see him at the brook, down on his knees, his hands resting on pieces of wood at the edge of the water to keep his hands and arms from sinking down in the mud and water to his elbows, and now he drinks and drinks; did anything ever taste so good? The nectar of the gods was no more delicious than the water from the purling brook, and yet with every swallow of water a million microbes entered the system. Returning home just as the sun is sinking below the western horizon, he hears the glad summons from the tired but patient mother, "supper is ready." And such a supper! Today it would be dinner. The fabled ambrosia of the gods was not better. The menu was elaborate and extensive. It con-

sisted of bread made from cornmeal baked in an oven, coals of fire under and coals of fire on the lid of the oven, the dough of which had been left all night and a part of the day that the myriad of little microbes would make it rise, but as the life was baked out of them there was no danger in eating that pone of bread and fat bacon, hominy, vegetables, milk, butter and jelly. Then direct to bed—no wonder they died!

The editors of newspapers fifty years hence will be welcome to copy from *The Lure of the Past* anything they find of interest to the reading public. They may want to tell their readers of conditions in this country in 1911 as we tell of conditions as they were in 1861.

Fifty years ago this spring the pent-up fury of a great nation had burst like a Vesuvius. For ten years or more Congress had tried in vain to settle the vexed question of slavery, but instead the situation became more acute. The tense lines binding the Union together could not possibly hold much longer. The compromise of 1850, in which the fugitive slave law was incorporated, was the beginning of the end. Then followed the wonderful novel, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," published in 1852, and without doubt that book was one of the vital forces affecting the history of that time, and if it was written to stimulate the mind of the fanatic to greater zeal as an advocate of anti-slavery, it served its purpose well and, although it was fiction pure and simple, everybody read it and many believed it was as true as gospel. Later, the Kansas-Nebraska bill, the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, the Dred Scott decision, the Kansas war, John Brown's exploit at Harper's Ferry, all of these things helped to fan into flame the smoldering embers of disunion, which like some loathsome disease had filled the minds of the anti and pro-slavery adherents both North and South.

We people who lived at that time know that these are facts, and we also know that had the majority of the people had their desires gratified a half million lives of the flower of our nation would have been spared and enough money saved to have bought and colonized every slave in the South. So it was up to the men in charge of affairs at that time, and the fanatics both North and South, and as they have all passed away—these great actors in the drama—we will let them rest in peace and bless their memories for bringing about a war that settled the question of slavery forever, that bound our states in a Union stronger than ever they were before, and today we are the freest, the happiest and the best nation on this old mother earth.

At San Francisco, in 1915, four years hence, our great country will celebrate the completion of the Panama Canal. When completed it will be the biggest engineering project in the world and will have cost half a billion dollars. At the special session in 1911 the House of Representatives voted an appropriation of three million dollars to begin work of fortifying the Canal, which when fortified will be a bulwark of strength. It will also insure peace to strengthen our coast defense. Fifty years hence, some of the children and grandchildren of people living today will be talking of celebrating the victory over the Lost Cause, and the elevation of a human race from bondage to freedom. But we hope the generations living at that time will have something to celebrate that will give patriotic joy to the whole nation, rather than a part. It seems like a good thing to be an editor of a metropolitan newspaper. We have in mind two editors, one in a city on the Pacific Coast, one in a city in the Middle West. These men are great writers. Their editorials on any subject are worth reading, but the editor of the Middle

West paper dare not write things about people that the editor of the coast paper writes. We wonder why? No doubt the location is the reason. One published an article making charges of fraud in the Panama Canal deal and a libel suit was the result. The other said in an editorial that the veterans of the Civil War had been well taken care of, and it was time to call a halt. If the other fellow had written such an article, no doubt the batteries of scathing rebuke of the G. A. R. encampments would have been turned loose on the editor and unconditional surrender would have been the result, for the veterans of the Middle West are a mighty factor in politics, as well as pensions. What they want and must have to be satisfied is one dollar per day pension the balance of their natural lives. Why not give them what they want to satisfy them in their old age and let their last days be their happiest?

While it is a good thing to be an editor, it is better to be an author, a writer of books, the kind that to read them rests the body and mind, the kind that makes you forget yourself and your little world and sometimes brings tears to your eyes. A very safe way to gauge the quality of a book is by the effect it has on the reader. If there is no tender chord of our being touched, no tear dims the eye, and no better impulse is in our nature, then either the book or the reader is to blame. It might be a stony heart like Shylock's that could not be softened by a Portia's mercy speech, or it might be the fault of the writer. Of course the newspapers and magazines are a part of our being; they are indispensable, but they cannot take the place of books. There are so many kinds of books and yet they could be grouped into three classes, at least that is sufficient for our purpose. The inspired Book, remember, is not classed with the three, for it is far superior

to any that has been written since John, the beloved disciple, wrote these words, the last probably of the New Testament, "And there are also many other things which Jesus did, the which, if they should be written every one, I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written."

Have you read Hugo's "Les Miserables," said to be the masterpiece of this famous author? Of course you have, every reader of fiction has. If any of your literary friends should ask you, have you read Dumas, Thackeray, Scott, Dickens and the whole list, you would not like to say no; perhaps some read them on that account, while others do so because they enjoy reading them. Let us take "Les Miserables" for a specimen copy of that class of books—while reading it, did it rest your mind and body? Did the twelve or fifteen-page description of an old French building appeal to your fancy? Did you throw the book down and say, how tiresome, and in a few hours pick it up and commence reading again? And how about Jean Valjean? Did you ever know or hear of a man whose conscience hurt him so long as did his for taking a loaf of bread to feed his sister's starving children? Can you imagine a man living today, who has become a millionaire in twenty or thirty years, being troubled about such a little thing as that "wee small voice" called conscience? We wonder if Fels, Carnegie and Rockefeller have had a vision? If conscience has been the cause, we hope it will affect others, and the result be satisfactory to those who give as well as those who receive. What impresses one most in this masterpiece of this great author is his description of the battle of Waterloo, a wonderfully vivid and truthful portrayal of that decisive and hard-fought battle. But his vindictive arraignment of Napoleon as a man is as strong language as could be used in

condemnation of the little Corsican. He said, "Was it possible that Napoleon should win this battle? We answer, no. Why? because of Wellington? because of Bluecher? No, because of God. For Bonaparte to be conqueror at Waterloo was not in the law of the nineteenth century. Another series of facts were preparing in which Napoleon had no place. The ill-will of events had long been announced. It was time that this vast man should fall. The excessive weight of this man in human destiny disturbed the equilibrium. This individual counted of himself alone more than the universe besides. These plethoras of all human vitality concentrated in a single head, the world mounting to the brain of one man, would be fatal to civilization if they should endure. The moment had come for incorruptible supreme equity to look to it. Probably the principles and elements upon which regular gravitations in the moral order as well as in the material depend, began to murmur; reeking blood, overcrowded cemeteries, weeping mothers, these are formidable pleaders. When the earth is suffering from a surcharge there are mysterious moanings from the deep which the heavens hear; Napoleon had been impeached before the Infinite and his fall was decreed. He vexed God. Waterloo was not a battle; it is the change of front of the universe."

We wonder if these declarations of Hugo in such high-sounding language are applicable to any person since the days of Napoleon. We hope not, and yet in our own country there are a few men who seem Napoleonic in their ambitions. When we read books like "Ben Hur," "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "The Prince of the House of David," we never forget them, and perhaps they are the kind we ought to read; the trouble is, there is not enough of them. If we go to the public library in any city, shut

our eyes and take the first book we touch, we would probably have to make several trips before we got one we cared to read. People are always looking for a favorite author, hoping the next book will be even better than the last one read. We read books like "Black Rock," "The Right of Way," "The Main Chance," and a hundred others today, and forget them tomorrow; they seem to be the kind that sell and the kind that most people like to read. Whether it is the best reading for one is a question for the one most interested to answer. One person would say, let the professors delve into the classics and get all they can out of them and give their pupils the benefit of their researches. Life is too short for the average American citizen to take so much of his precious time to read a book and more of his time to digest it, to assimilate it, to classify it in his mind. Another would say, do not read trash, fiction, invention feigned or false story, do not waste your time reading it, read something solid, ancient and modern history, political economy, science, in fact read anything before fiction. Will we ever realize that much of the solid reading is fiction, pure and simple; even some of our modern histories are overdrawn and inaccurate, as we all know; perhaps prejudice has more to do with the inaccuracies than imagination.

If it is good to be an editor and better to be an author, it is surely the best to be a preacher. This is a profession in which we can all take a part, not in the pulpit, not to perform a marriage ceremony, not to be ordained and invested with ministerial functions, but we can preach by precept and example. Do we have to proclaim from the housetop that we are followers of the lowly Nazarene? Do we have to publish to the world our every act of charity, of love, of good-will to be philanthropists? Do we justify ourselves with the thought that we have no

neighbor to whom we can show that we are good Samaritans? As these thoughts come to our minds, do we remember that we are a power on earth for good, individually with our neighbor and collectively with the world? The Christian preachers today have a greater influence for good than all other agencies combined. Suppose all the laymen of all the churches would put forth all their moral and spiritual strength for the good of humanity, with their invincible leaders, the preachers to advise and admonish, the result no doubt would be of wonderful magnitude. Not only would His kingdom be built up and strengthened, but his satanic majesty would be so handicapped by having his weapons taken away that the victory gained would be lasting.

The adversary of good depends on Sabbath desecration for his first lesson in leading men and women out of the path of rectitude, and if he can induce his followers to work on the Sabbath day under any pretense, calling it business, he has proven himself a good teacher, for he is aware of the fact that as long as they obey his instruction he can use them for his unrighteous purpose, which is to lead them along the broad way that ends in eternal night and without hope. "Remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy." Another formidable weapon used by this adversary of good is the saloon. After Sabbath desecration, the lessons are easy; first is drinking at a fashionable resort, next gambling, then blasphemy and murder, causing crushed hearts and neglected children, and finally the blear-eyed sot fills a drunkard's grave. What a deplorable picture of the life of a man made in God's own image, and yet it is true just because a man lacks the will-power to let the accursed stuff alone. It wrecked my home when I was a boy and sent my father to a premature grave, and it will wreck your home and cause

sorrow and shame, where joy and happiness ought to reign supreme. If these were the last words I should write, I must say that no words could express my loathing and disgust of the nefarious traffic sanctioned by the government and licensed by the state. No wonder a certain class of men are fighting woman suffrage, but the time will come, and not many years hence, when the curse of all nations will be blotted out of existence in this fair country of ours, as was slavery a half century ago, not by war, but by the ballots of Christian men assisted by the votes of millions of American women, the fairest under the sun. This will be brought about by the preachers, and their influence over men will always be for the good of humanity. Then we can look into the future with prophetic eyes and see the dawning of the millenium. How much good we could do if we would do our whole duty as we see and know it when the opportunity comes. We all like the preachers; they are doing a world of good and we are not caring so much about denominations any more. While it is all right to follow the teachings of Wesley, Luther, Campbell and Calvin and even Mrs. Eddy, and the whole list of the founders of the different denominations, we find the pastors all piloting their flocks to the same Shepherd, and when life's battles are over, and the voyage down the river of life is ended, and we launch out into the great ocean of eternity, the important thing for us is, have we lived the Christ life, the best we know how? There are millions of other men and women who live to make the world better. Teachers, doctors, lawyers, artists, mechanics, and vast armies of skilled and common laborers, each one of these people have had an experience, for weal or woe, and no two alike—some commonplace, others interesting.

Why this great unrest among the laboring classes of

our country today; is it the people, or is it the conditions relating to morals or duty as we find them today? You go into a barber shop and while one of the employes attends to your wants and his duties, the proverbial conversation takes place. How is everything in this city? Oh, it's the bummiest place I ever saw; do you know, I only get fourteen dollars a week, and if ever I can save money enough to take my wife and three children back where I came from, I will go in a hurry and be glad to get away from this place—unrest. In another city, you talk with a fruit and vegetable huckster. You say to him, yours is a very good business, you make a good living for yourself and family, do you not? "It's rotten," is his reply, "everything is going wrong."

"There are only two classes of people, the rich and the poor. The government runs the machine, the material is put in the hopper all of the same quality, but when they come out, on the one side are the rich, on the other the poor," but listen: "I will tell you something. In a few years the socialists will be in power, then equality in all things"—unrest. In another city, you talk to a mechanic; you say, my friend, you are in a union that insures you steady work at good wages, it must be a good thing to belong to a union. "Perhaps you are right, but listen, if I did not belong to the union, I could not get any work to do, so you see I was forced to join the union in order to get work, and now I am not busy all the time, but I tell you that years ago, when wages were lower, I had more money at the end of the month than I have now. Why? Because rent was less, foodstuffs of all kinds were cheaper, clothing was cheaper and, above all, I was independent"—unrest.

In another city you go into a factory where hundreds of men are toiling day after day. They do not look happy,

neither are they contented. And why? They will tell you, "We are giving the best part of our lives to this concern, the owners of which have become immensely rich, while we who have made their fortunes are just living—no richer, no poorer than we were ten years ago." Unrest. What is the solution to this momentous problem? We answer: The gospel of Jesus Christ and co-operation. When the Spirit enters the human temple of the capitalist there will be no room for avarice, and when the Socialist opens the door of his heart and lets the Spirit in, hatred will be dethroned and faith, hope and love will reign. And, by the way, you will find if you live to be three score years and ten, about all there is in life is faith in God, hope of immortality, and love for your fellow man. This is beautifully portrayed in a few verses from the German of Schiller. Study the thought and you will be convinced of their truthful import:

There are three lessons I would write;
Three words as with a burning pen,
In tracings of eternal light
Upon the hearts of men.

Have hope. Though clouds environ now,
And gladness hides her face in scorn,
Put thou the shadow from thy brow;
No night but hath its morn.

Have faith. Where'er thy bark is driven,
The calm's disport, the tempest's mirth,
Know this—God rules the hosts of heaven,
The inhabitants of earth.

Have love. Not love alone for one,
But men, as men, thy brothers call,
And scatter, like the circling sun,
Thy charities on all.

Thus grave these lessons on thy soul—
Hope, faith and love—and thou shalt find
Strength when life's surges rudest roll,
Light when thou else wert blind.

And so we find it, everywhere, not everybody in that condition of unrest, but a vast majority of our fellow-citizens are the happiest people on earth; they are not rich, neither are they poor, they have pleasant homes, they have a business or profession, trade or occupation by which they can make an honest and independent living. They have good neighbors and kind friends. They have the satisfaction of knowing their lives have fallen to them in pleasant places, yea, that they have a goodly heritage and they should praise God from whom all blessings flow.

And now, we have moralized, eulogized and theorized all for a purpose to get you to stop and think. We have only written what you know, but you are so busy solving life's problems and adjusting them to your way of seeing things, that even sympathy is obscured, and you turn a deaf ear to the pleading soul who has been less fortunate than you in fighting life's battles. How many tragic stories could be written of persons, could we lift the veil that hides like a curtain from our gaze their joys and sorrows, their good and bad impulses, their every act through every phase of life and finally to write of them as those who with beaming expression of face, with stately poise, with lofty mien and with eyes of deepest solicitude, all indicating the struggle is over, the victory won and henceforth nothing bad shall mar the beauty of life.

The problems of life are an every-day fact; what perplexes you and gives you anxious thought for your present welfare and future happiness is readily solved by your friend and neighbor, not by environment, not by heritage, nor financial success, nor greater intelligence, but by righteousness. If it exalts a nation, why not a human being? Solomon said, "Righteousness exalteth a nation; but sin is a reproach to any people." Rev. Sam Small said he thought Solomon knew better what a nation needed than any other man that has ever lived, except Theodore Roosevelt. We ought to be the greatest nation on the earth, and are in some ways. If we were immune from every other nation, we could live for a thousand years on our own resources, every man could make a living for himself and family unless he was too lazy to work, or kept out of the reward of his labor by unjust laws, or physically disabled. Being free, it is a pleasure to think about the freedom we have, if we are so fortunate as to have the money to pay for it. There are a few things left that are not in the trusts. The air we breathe is free, the sky, the clouds, the song of the birds, the sunshine and shadow, and we ought to be thankful there are so many things that money cannot buy.

Almost everything that is sold is in a trust, or controlled on a similar basis. For instance, take brooms, a useful and very necessary commodity; the factories send their agents to the farmers in Illinois who raise broom-corn, and buy their crops long before they are matured. When the crop is delivered in the fall, and there is no more to buy, the price goes up double what they paid, and a twenty-five-cent broom will sell for fifty cents. That's a legitimate business, and what are you going to do about it? You will do just what you do when you

want a little bacon for your breakfast, pay the thirty-five cents a pound, or do without.

If we are not satisfied with these conditions, we will have to make the best of them, and be as happy as we can, and adjust ourselves to the new conditions as they arise, for none of us would go back even a half century and face the difficulties and lack of modern conveniences, so let us be hopeful and contented. And after all, our greatest happiness does not come from our desires being satisfied, but rather the denial of them for the sake of some high purpose in life. Did you ever know a young man who wanted to be a lawyer, was educated for that profession and after he was converted, gave his life work to the ministry, giving up his chosen profession; and do you suppose he was unhappy because his desires had been thwarted and denied? No, his supreme joy must have been in his purpose to do a great and noble work for his Master. There are many examples besides Saul of Tarsus of this kind. Have you known sons or daughters to forego the pleasure and happiness of a prospective home of their own to take care of a widowed mother or orphan brothers and sisters? If so, their happiness was in the denial of pleasure for a high purpose in life called duty.

As the writer works day after day, new thoughts come into the mind, they lead on and on, the imagination can travel across the continent while the telegraph operator touches the key of his instrument, and yet there is a thought that lingers with a man day after day as he works. It controls his life, sometimes it brings success, often failure as the world judges a man's life. General Grant had the thought at Petersburg, and it brought success; General Lee's was the same and it brought failure. You will find in every book, in every sermon, in every business, in every walk of life that success is always the

goal of this thought, and happiness—temporal or eternal—the hoped-for reward. There may be happiness in failure to do the great things we desire, but even the cup of cold water to the one who has fallen by the wayside brings its reward. There is such a thought in this book, not alone for a dim future beyond the grave but to enjoy life in all its beauty day by day, to drink deeply at the fountain of perpetual joy and happiness. It is here for us in abundance, why not appropriate it and use it as our own, but there will be no genuine and lasting happiness when you violate the laws of God and man with impunity.

Besides the central thought, there is another that lingers in our mind, it is ever present as we write. Like Banquo's ghost, it will not down; not stupendous in its significance like the first, for surely if there is anything divine in man, it is the thought that impels him to do all he can to make the world better and happier. But this auxiliary or subsidiary thought, call it what you please, has helped us to write this book different from any you have ever read. In writing a preface and placing it here instead of in the front is an innovation. No excuse is offered for a book like this, the object in writing is for pity, love and money—pity for humanity as we see it reckless and extravagant in its desires for pleasures of things worldly that will not satisfy the soul; love for all things that make the world better—the church, the home, the school, the results of their teaching and influence; money for the publisher and the poor. The only authority enunciated in this book is derived from character, age and experience—character, that peculiar quality of a person that makes reputation and standing; age, that means to us almost the allotted three score and ten years. What a wonderful thought age is; there is

infancy, youth, manhood and the declining years of life, four stages to pass through while here, just a little visit on earth, then he goes back home to stay. But the experience is worth while, transcendent it may be, and why not? If the every day experience of life was all, why that soul-craving for the life beyond? What a vast difference in the lives of people as we see and know them. Some there are we love to contemplate, characters beautiful and sublime, their presence is one of peace and joy, their memories like the fragrance of the attar of roses, a life gliding smoothly along, not a ripple of discontent, no cataract of anger, no storm tossed billows of doubt and distress ruffling their pleasant faces. Others, ever scowling and distrustful, dark and dismal thoughts are expressed on their base and repulsive countenances, they are discontented and unhappy, fault-finding and disagreeable. We pity the people who are not happy in this world, no matter what the environment.

Yes, you will find this book different from any you have read, and if you do not agree with us in what is in the book, of course you have the right to your opinion. We could have written a story, and if we are ever convinced that our illustrious namesake ever told a story in all his life, even after the episode of the cherry tree and little hatchet, then conscientious scruples will be cast aside and we will hesitate no longer, but try our hand at story writing.

We have given you the history of the simple life, lived by a man worthy of emulation in some ways, not perfect, as perfection is not possible, but it was a life far above the average. Then we have tried to show the difference between then and now, in many things that relate to our country and ourselves and now we are going to give our observations and impressions of things as they are, or

as we saw them in the Middle West to the Pacific Coast. Our experience for a life of sixty-seven years would be worth while, but not necessary at this time.

Away back in 1872 is when life began for us. A man never lives until he marries the woman he loves and settles down to make an honest living for the two or more, if they are blessed in that way. Of course a man can stay stuck away in a hotel or rooming house, he can imagine he is having a nice time and enjoying life, but he don't know anything about the happy, contented life until he has a home of his own. On the bank of the far-famed and historic Brandywine, not the one of revolutionary historic memories, but the one the Hoosier poet has in such a graphic manner described in verse as an ideal stream in which to find an "Ole Swimmin' Hole," water as clear as crystal and cool as the spray from the snow-fed falls of the Yosemite, truly a picturesque and romantic stream fed by a thousand springs that never fail or grow weary. Today our mind goes back to pleasant scenes, back nearly forty years, when life was worth while, and as we stand near this memorable stream in fancy, what a beautiful picture is spread out before us. As far as the eye can see on every hand are well-kept farms, comfortable homes, hospitable neighbors, good roads, two churches a mile away, the district school house at the cross roads, a sure monitor of intellectual attainment, the mill and smith, the clouds and sunshine, the heat and the cold, the rain and snow, the seedtime and harvest, the work and rest, the comfortable home and all the word home implies, not merely a place to eat and sleep, but a place made sacred and happy by its very name, a synonym for paradise on earth. Much might be written of the quiet, happy, restful country home in contra-distinction to the city home, but only those who have lived in both know the

advantages of the former. We also see, farther than the natural vision of the eye, all over the county beautiful homes and happy and contented farmers and, as the years go by, they keep pace with the many improvements and inventions that make American civilization the envy of the world, and we see the village from where we stand grown into a modern city. Its many furniture factories employing thousands of skilled workmen, its broad and shady streets, its commanding and cottage homes, its intelligent, up-to-date and industrious citizens, its splendid church edifices; it is noted for good schools and as the birthplace of an ex-vice-president and ex-governor, and it enjoys not only the distinction but the blessing of being a city without a saloon, and thus we see Shelby county and Shelbyville, Indiana, where the nineteen years of the summer time of our life were spent. Then we cross over the line into the county west, and spend twenty years. Some of the people living there will tell you that Johnson is the best county and Franklin the best city in the State—you must be the judge. Johnson county has a national reputation, not for statesmen or anything big except in price, and that was for one ear of corn. At the corn exhibit a few years ago at Chicago, that particular ear brought two hundred and fifty dollars, and boosted the man who raised it into the Legislature for two terms. All the farmers raise seed corn in that county and send it to all parts of the corn belt. There are many wealthy farmers in this county, but they do not get rich selling seed corn. They raise horses, mules, cattle and sheep and hogs and wheat, corn, oats and hay. They have barns to shelter their stock and in which they garner their grain and other farm products. No farm machinery is left out in the weather to rust and decay, but stored away to be used another season. Good roads, fertile fields,

rural mail delivery, telephone facilities to all parts of the State make the average farmer in this, as well as all the middle and northern counties in the State, a prince among men. Nor must we fail to mention the southern part of the State, while these good people have the eternal hills to climb, and probably life for many of them financially is a hard road to travel, yet like their neighbors across the river, they are happy and the most hospitable people in the world.

Let us tell you of one of those hilly counties. It has never been cursed with a saloon inside its borders. No denizen of this picturesque domain has ever graced the spacious corridors or donned the uniform of the State penal institution called the penitentiary. The door of the old log jail is seldom closed on a criminal; if perchance it does, it is merely to allow the person incarcerated time to reflect on his condition, to let his angry passion become normal, to pay his fine and to be a free man once more. And, strange to say, eighty per cent. of the voters in this county are Democrats, not the kind that are supposed to represent the party in Congress, but vote for the interests regardless of party pledges, principles or platform. And how to account for this model and incomparable county in morals and uprightness would be a mystery, until it dawns on us that they belong to the party they say can't read. Franklin, the county town of Johnson county, differs very little from other towns in the State; you will find the court house in the public square, the churches, the public school buildings, the brick streets, the mud streets mixed with a little gravel, the beautiful homes where the bankers live or the prosperous professional or business men, or perchance the retired farmers, and the cozy homes of the other class, who are happy and contented in the possession of even a humble home. Nor

must we forget the city hall with its splendid playhouse, always filled to the limit, if a stock company comes to town, but if Sothorn and Marlowe would play Shakespeare for one night only, you would not have to stand in line for two or three hours to get a ticket, as we have done and seen others do in a certain city, and why—we cannot tell, unless it is the common people are not able to pay the price, and you will notice that it's the common people who keep the ball rolling in every avenue of activity, it is not the rich, they won't work, they don't have to; not the poor, they are always kicking because they have no rich relatives that will die and leave them provided for, but it's the middle class that make things come to pass. Being a college town, we would suppose the higher in literary attainment the production, the greater the patronage, but the average college student is not burning money or throwing it at birds, they are there for business that makes them stronger men and women morally, mentally and physically. Let us wander through the beautiful and well-kept campus, and we would have to wander or stand still, for there are no comfortable seats on that campus, but on every hand and in many places we read, "Keep off the grass," so we move on, as did Coxey's army in the days of the panic. The time is early June, the hour just before the sun sinks below the western horizon, and as we see the students here and there, some standing in groups, others sitting on the ground discussing the class play to be given by the senior class during commencement week, or perhaps what great things they will do, and as we pass on we see a couple in earnest conversation, and involuntarily the thought comes into our mind that that is a "case" and probably fifty per cent. of the college cases prove fatal, but as this part of the education is a side issue and not printed in the annual cata-

logue, we will contemplate the future of the graduates of this institution on the hill, who in a few days will go out in the world and whether their aim in life will be to make mankind better, or will they use their talents to gain riches and distinction among men and forget the better part. College graduates are to be envied for the great possibilities they have to do good to their fellow men.

We love to write about the Hoosier State. It was our home so long, we would like to tell of its wonderful resources, of its gold, its coal, its oil, and natural gas, its immense factories, the largest at South Bend and Gary, its poets and writers of fiction, its patriotism in time of war, etc. How we would like to boost a State as good as that, everything about it is good except the climate, and it is as uncertain as its politics. Many States are just as good, but we do not know them so well. If it is such a good State, why don't you stay there? You would naturally ask that question, and we will answer, a personal matter, but it will do us no harm, and may do you good. More than two years ago when in beautiful Greenlawn cemetery we laid to rest, to await the resurrection morn, the best part of my life, the one who for thirty-seven years had been my comfort and inspiration, who had shared my joys and sorrows, who had shared with me her plenty in my poverty and the one who made me a better man. What I am today, in uprightness of character, in honest motives and integrity, I owe to her. Not that I was a bad man, but she made strong the weak places in my being by kind counsel and Christian example. Sacred are these words to the memory of a beautiful life. In a spiritual sense, a flower of time of rare colors and sweetest fragrance will bloom through all eternity. What a precious thought is the

immortality of the soul. But the thought that comes to the finite mind is, why the happy, pleasant and ideal homes should be broken up and those where discord and unhappiness reign and hypocrisy and deceit are practiced daily should seemingly flourish like the green bay tree and make a mockery of true home life? Why is it so? It may be a double cord to bind us to the infinite, that by the dispensation of a broken home we are passed to a higher degree of faith and made to feel "that all things work together for good to them that love God." But the paramount duty of a man and his wife is to live for each other and their families and to make their home happy. What does the world care for you? There is not much world sympathy with or for those who mourn. It is the individual that has the big heart and is always reaching out to help the unfortunate. Sometime the home ties for you will be severed, for some it will be freedom from the petty and trivial trials and troubles that make life disappointing and disagreeable, to others it will be the breaking of the home ties that are true and holy, and when thus broken, the attraction is gone, the refined influence is lacking, the very soul cries out for a glimpse beyond the veil, but there is no answer to that cry, except it be in the assurance of the Master that He has gone to prepare a place for us that, where He is, we may be also.

As we sat in our lonely home, we talked of the past, of the home life and its joys and sorrows, of kind friends and neighbors and their sympathy; we made our plans for the future, we would be even more than father and daughter, we would be comrades; we like that word, it sounds like you were so congenial, of the same spirit, sympathetic and agreeable. try it with your child or friend and enjoy the effect; we would be an inspiration

to each other; we would travel, read, write, work and make the most of life. We talked of the panacea for sorrowing and lonesome hearts, of how time works wonders as the days come and go, and how not only time but distance is a great factor in the banishment of that feeling of reminiscences and causes it to pass away gradually like the darkness of the night and the dawn of the morning passes away and the earth is made beautiful by the glorious sunlight. And we talked of how we would make friends amid scenes of beauty and among strange people and of the hospitality we would receive among strangers. And how as we traveled from one beautiful city to another, across rivers and through plains and valleys, over hills and mountains, we would enjoy it all and be glad. We also knew that some things which come to pass in our life we can never forget, and we are glad it is so. And our thoughts, like yours, no matter where we are or what our environment, go back to that silent cemetery to the lonely grave, linger for a moment and pass on to that everlasting eternity. This is the sad part of life, but is the inevitable.

After a strenuous life of manual labor, of business or of pleasure, when the hands, the mind or the heart, the seat of affection grow tired and refuse to perform their accustomed duties, then the family physician will prescribe rest and recreation. Perhaps in a different climate you may find the elements that will recreate you after a life of toil; vain hope, the change will do you good, but the vital power expended from toil of body, brain or heart year after year will not return though you eat and drink with the fabled gods, though like a seer you could look through the veil and see the fabled elysium, though you had mastered metaphysics like an Eddy, or had a vision like the youngest and most affectionate of our Master's

disciples, none of these will bring back to us buoyancy of youth or the strength of middle age, but the change of scene and climate is sometimes a wonderful stimulant to the overtaxed nervous system which has been brought on by too close application to the necessary means for a successful life in any vocation. Hundreds of thousands of the American people are on the move every day in the year, some for pleasure, some for health and others to change their homes. While this is true, there are millions who are content to live the quiet, restful home life surrounded by all that is necessary to make them happy. This nomadic life is not all pleasure, but indeed a change. And for those who are content to stay at home, and for those who have traveled, for those who expect to some time visit the Pacific Coast, for the old and the young, for the middle aged, for the rich and the poor and for every class and condition in life this book was written. And if when you have read this far you will go with us from Franklin to San Diego, we will tell you things you would like to know, tell you of places that will cost you time and money to see, tell you of our observations, of our impressions, of people, places and things as we saw them. There will be nothing personal except it be some things told us by others, so read on and you will find the last part the best.

It is very pleasant when you leave home to travel knowing that you need not hurry or worry and that you can spend thirty days making a trip that could be made in six. It seems strange why so many people travel. No doubt there are many causes, some for pleasure, some for business, some to visit relatives and friends, some that they may have something to tell when they return home, and again it may be that the travel microbe gets into their system and forces them on their journey whether they

will or not, or it may be the science of theosophy, mystic as it may seem, has been demonstrated in a human being and the reincarnated soul who struggled in years gone by to travel, to see things in the world, to have joy and pleasure away from home, to wander and not rest, but whose environment was such that no opportunity came to travel; it might have been poverty or sickness or family ties, but no matter. Now the soul is free, the bondage broken, the transmigrated soul has come into its own, and the body a willing servant with its immortal companion hies away to find relief from the petty cares of life among strangers and in strange places. A strange belief or opinion, yet there are those who accept it as their creed. No matter what the cause or where you go, avoid the rush, go slow, take your time, you will get to your destination soon enough; besides the comfort and recreation, you elude that tired feeling and have time to think. And, by the way, thinking is the greatest blessing we have in this life. Thought is a wonderful attribute, high as the portals of heaven and low as the bottomless pit of hades, made holy by temperance and sobriety, made unholy and unhappy by sin and immoral living. Thoughts, after all, like life are of two kinds, good and bad; take your choice and as you think and act, so shall you garner the result some sweet day.

Comfortably seated on an interurban car running from our home city to the capital city, thoughts like these came into our mind. Could the Irwin family use their surplus money in a better way than to build a road for the benefit of the public? They are servants of the people in a way, they build the road, equip it with comfortable cars and power, build stations at every city and village they pass through, buy the right of way from the farmers and then we, the people, pay a small sum, not

more than one and a half cent per mile, board the car any hour and we are transported from one point to another in a pleasant, expeditious and comfortable manner. What a privilege, what a blessing and what a convenience to the public. These roads are built all over the State and in many States millions of dollars have been used by capitalists and corporations to develop our great country, yet there are some men who howl themselves hoarse for fear the capitalists will ruin our country. Let them plant their money in railroads and factories, in anything that will bring them a fair dividend on their investment, and we will enjoy the fruits of their labor and get much pleasure out of it. Another thought, being in business a long time, we feel justified in the assertion that no other corporation in our country could or would furnish to the consumer oil, gasoline and other products connected with that industry as cheap as the Standard Oil Company, and why? Because their system is perfect, several hundred thousand people are given employment at fair wages as distributors of their products. We never hear any consumer of oil and gasoline complain of the low prices. Whenever a protest is made, it is on account of the monopoly. Suppose there had been no Standard Oil Company, Chicago University would be to the bad thirty-six million dollars. Did it ever occur to you that "God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform," or do you believe God has anything to do with endowments? Another thought and we will leave the great questions of the present day that disturb the equilibrium of our good country to be presented by the newspapers, the politicians and men in office from the president to road supervisors to the dear people. They will make it so plain next year during the campaign that even a Hottentot, if he has been here long enough to vote, can not fail to cast his ballot in



Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument, Indianapolis, Ind.

See Page 66.

the interests of good government and a revision of the tariff, so that all classes will be satisfied, even the consumer. There will be many questions to be settled next year after the conventions and before the election. First, the tariff, then the syndicates that control our food supply, then our foreign relations, especially with Japan, then labor and capital, then the trusts and conservation of our vast resources, all these and more will be settled by our spellbinders, as they are every four years. But there is one, the paramount question of the present and future, that they will never mention in a national campaign, and that is the temperance question. Why? Because the traffic makes quite a revenue for a billion-dollar Congress to distribute, then the farmer could not dispose of his corn and other products that can be distilled into liquid as poisonous as the secretions of the deadly Upas tree of Java; they might feed corn and rye and surplus apples and peaches to hogs or cattle, but it takes more work and the price is so uncertain—from six to ten dollars per hundred for select in the past few years. Then it would be unconstitutional personal liberty, you know; yet the Congress can make laws to govern our food supply, such as the manufacture of a baking powder with or without alum, or tomato catsup with or without a preservative. Of course this gives employment to a great many men, food inspectors hunting and nosing around all the retail stores to find some preparation on the shelf that will not comply with the pure food law. If it is poisonous to humanity, why not go to the one who manufactures the article and put a stop to the unlawful and dangerous practice of adulterating our food? We doubt very much whether there is as much deleterious substance in ten cases of tomato catsup with a certain amount of benzoate of soda used as a preservative as there is in one gallon

of alcohol, and yet there is no law to prevent the people from taking this poison day after day until they become physical wrecks. No, there will be nothing said on the temperance question, it is not an issue. But not many years hence it will be a mighty burning national issue, then the two old parties will sit up and take notice, and we are neither a prophet nor a prohi. But enough, we are now at the terminal station located in the business part of a city that is the hub of the United States; Boston may have been, but is no more, for Indianapolis is near the center of population, politically it is the hub city, for as the city goes, the State goes, and as the State and New York go, so goes the national election, so politically and geographically it is worth considering and besides the attributes already mentioned, it is a city worth while.

INDIANAPOLIS.

You will find in this up-to-date city one of the finest terminal stations in the Middle West, where cars come and go to all parts of the State every hour in the day and half of the night. Every convenience and comfort necessary to the traveling public are found here. A square west, the magnificent State House looms up grand and sublime, a fit temple in which the executive, judicial and legislative bodies can sit and perform the duties peculiar to any office they may hold. Two squares east of the state house is the soldiers' and sailors' monument, which stands colussus-like in the center of a circle, a silent tribute to the patriotism and heroism of the Indiana boys in blue who gave their lives a sacrifice on the altar of the Civil War, and not in vain, for as the years go by we see the wisdom of the god of battle giving the victory to the boys in blue, and yet we fought on the other side

under the command of that intrepid, brave and fearless leader, fighting Joe Wheeler, and thought we were doing our duty. In passing let us tell what an Indiana veteran said about the Civil War, then so far as we are concerned the memory of the conflict can sink into oblivion, as it ought to have done forty years ago. But you never get so far away but some ranter will wave the bloody shirt and declare with bulging eyes and swollen neck, his hands beating the air in imitation of the paddles of a Holland Dutch windmill, that the Emancipation Proclamation was of far more vital interest to our country than was the Declaration of Independence or even the Constitution of the United States. How silly! But the veteran said: "I believe if the North and South had been equal in men, money, credit and the facilities for carrying on the war, they would have been fighting yet, unless the 'Johnnies' and the 'Yanks' had all been killed." A fitting eulogy on the valor of the brave soldiers who did their duty as they saw it both in the Union and Confederate army.

One square north from the monument you see the Federal building, covering a square or block. Step inside and you will find one of the most conveniently arranged post offices you were ever in. A lobby runs through the building and the offices are on either side finished in marble. It will impress you as being a building that will stand as a monument for years to come, showing the generosity and good-will of Uncle Sam for the Hoosiers. If you ever visit the capital city of Indiana, you will be impressed with its wide streets and avenues, its splendid churches, its solid business blocks, its beautiful parks, used for rest and recreation rather than to beautify the city. Take a spin north from the monument and see the ideal homes; this is indeed a home city, clean and healthful. Compare the per capita net debt of seventeen dollars

and forty-three cents of this city with New York City's per capita net debt of one hundred fifty-seven dollars and seventy-four cents, it looks like healthy finance in the home city. You could spend several weeks in this capital city and see things worth while, or if you are looking for a large city in which to make your home, this city will suit you, it is not immense like Chicago, but big enough for comfort. Two hundred and thirty-four thousand people is no mean city, wherever located. And while we sit in our comfortable and cosy room in Los Angeles, California, and read the papers stating that yesterday, the third of July, 1911, the mercury stood at the 100° mark in our home city, while here it was 66° and last night 55°, we were impressed with the thought that while you can not live on climate alone, it is a wonderful factor for comfort. One thought more and we will leave Indianapolis for the Pacific Coast.

In the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* for June, 1911, in an article entitled, "What are you going to do about it?" written by Alfred Lewis, are these words, "How many men are in the Senate on their merits? How many on their money, or some corporation's money? Had merit, had popular worth or popular preference been the test, would a toga have been given to vacuous Guggenheim?—the unspeakable Root?—the dingy Kern?—the inadequate Pomerene?—the oily Bailey?—the frigid Lodge?—the meager Wetmore? But why extend an inquiry that should run through half a Senate roll call?" What we would like to know is, why John W. Kern does not merit the toga he wears? And why if popular worth or popular preference had been the test, he should not have been elected to the Senate? Mr. Kern received the unanimous vote of his party at the State convention showing that he was preferred to any one else. If there is any man

in the Senate today that merits the office and deserves what he got that man is Senator Kern. Why? Because he has always been a faithful party man—no Boliver Buckner democracy about Senator Kern. He is honest and upright, we have known him for years and admire him for his honesty and integrity, his sobriety and devotion to his party; even in defeat he appealed to the common people and they said he is the logical candidate for the senate and we all rejoice that he has come into his own. But why call him “dingy” Kern, just as soon be called dirty Dago. Was it his clothes or his physique that called forth the epithet. Must a man be a Vorhees or a Taft in stature to be great? If so, where will our beloved Governor Marshall stand? Mr. Lewis, you owe Senator Kern an apology and you should lose no time in making it. If some of our fluent and sometime versatile writers could be made to “eat crow,” they would be more careful what and about whom they wrote. In the case of Senator Kern it was uncalled for and the writer can excuse himself only by saying he was very foolish for writing such stuff for publication.

ST. LOUIS.

The distance from this city to St. Louis over the New York Central is two hundred and fifty-three miles through many up-to-date cities and towns. As we look out over the fertile fields as far as the eye can see, we remember that Illinois is the banner State in the Union for the production of corn and oats, then it has Chicago and Cannon and Lorimer, all powerful factors in bringing this great State to the fore in finance and politics. Now we are at one of the largest, most conveniently arranged and most comfortable union stations in the Middle West. St. Louis

can well be proud of this magnificent building. The tourist, if waiting for a train, can spend several hours looking at the immensity of the thing and never grow tired at all.

This city is noted for several things worth mentioning, for its very narrow streets, near the river, its beautiful parks, its broad and well-kept streets and avenues on the higher ground, and it is the fourth city in population in the United States, six hundred and eighty-seven thousand and twenty-nine people living in an area of sixty-one square miles, when some cities with half the population are scattered over an area of a hundred square miles or more. A very compact city, indeed. But what impresses the stranger most forcibly in coming to this city is Anheuser-Busch beer, Liggett and Myers' famous brands of tobacco, and Swift & Co. packing houses, just as we see Chicago a city of mail order business, New York City a distributor of emigrants and searcher for dutiable goods, and Philadelphia a staid, old and immaculate Quaker city. The people of Missouri are no doubt proud of their metropolis and do not have to be shown that it is a fair city.

KANSAS CITY.

The distance from St. Louis to Kansas City is two hundred and sixty-four miles over the Burlington route. The Kansas City depot is hardly worth mentioning. Why a city of two hundred and fifty thousand people, and a great railroad center, must be humiliated and made ashamed of the facilities for the accommodation of the traveling public is more than we can understand. Such a mob! we hope never to be in another like it. It reminded us of the World's Fair at Chicago on Chicago day, not as many

people, of course, but about ten times as many people as should have been in the station at one time for comfort. We said to a young lady whose home is in this city, we were not favorably impressed with the city and felt like we wanted to get away on the next train. "Oh!" she said, "you must not judge our city by the depot and its surroundings, we have a beautiful city. It is noted for its boulevards, its fine homes, its picturesque and fascinating topography, and I want to tell you in the near future we are going to have a new union station that will be in line with the present-day progress and one of which we will not be ashamed."

From Kansas City up the Missouri river through St. Joseph to Rulo, a distance of one hundred and five miles, we are six hundred and twenty miles from Indianapolis, and due west from Columbus, Ohio. Here we leave the Missouri river, and glad we are, for there is nothing about this river that charms the tourist; swift, muddy and dangerous-looking, changing its channel every day, the water swirling and eddying, then swiftly gliding on and on to be at last taken to the bosom of the Father of Waters, to be transformed, purified and made a part of that majestic, placid and mighty river. From Rulo, Nebraska, the Burlington road runs nearly due west to Denver, a distance of five hundred and fifty-nine miles. Passing along the southern border of Nebraska our thoughts wander to then and now, and we note the change. Stretching away on every hand, a fair domain, we see splendid farms on which are built comfortable homes, substantial outbuildings in which to garner the three hundred million bushels of wheat, corn and oats raised annually in this fertile State of Nebraska. Cities, towns and villages are in evidence on every hand. On and on we go until the sameness of the scene becomes

monotonous. We are glad after a night's rest to reach Denver at 10:30 a. m. It seemed like we had been crossing a level plain, but not so, for we had passed from an altitude of nine hundred feet at the Missouri river to over four thousand feet higher at Denver.

DENVER.

Denver, the capital, the railroad and commercial center of the State of Colorado, has a population of two hundred and thirteen thousand. And when we think of Colorado being the centennial State and Denver being less than a half century old, we marvel at its phenomenal growth. We had an impression that Denver was a city set on a hill and not different from other cities. We found it situated in the valley of the South Platte on the eastern bank at a point where the one time rolling prairie land gradually sloped to the westward and several miles east of the base of the Rocky Mountains. Take an auto sight-seeing car and after you have seen Denver you will agree with us that it is the finest and best built city you have ever seen. It is made of brick and stone and iron. No wooden buildings are allowed inside the city limits. The mountains extend north and south as far as the eye can trace their rugged heights. The highest points, Long's Peak to the north, Pike's Peak to the south, and the "dome of the continent," Gray's Peak, in the center, are in full view towering far above the tops of the surrounding mountains.

The mountains are grand, majestic and sublime. They are not like the eastern ranges; you do not see the ivy, laurel, cedar and pine trees in profusion that make the eastern mountains a thing of beauty. But the Rockies are what the name implies—rocky, rough, rugged and



Swinging Bridge, Royal Gorge, Grand Canyon of the Arkansas.

See Page 74.

immense. At Denver we leave the Burlington road and take the Denver and Rio Grande, said to be and no doubt is the finest scenic route crossing the Rockies. This train or road takes you to Ogden, Utah, a distance of seven hundred and five miles.

As we go south, running parallel with the grand old mountain range, which looms up twelve or fifteen miles on our right, fifty miles south of Denver, we cross the Arkansas divide, where the water flows north into the Platte and south into the Arkansas river. We stop at Colorado Springs and visit Manitou and drink from the famous soda and iron springs. From here starts the cog road, by which the ascent is made to the summit of Pike's Peak. Manitou is a picturesque place, nestling at the base of Pike's Peak. A little creek ripples through the place, cottages are hid away among the trees, rocks and gulches. Store after store filled with curios are in evidence as you traverse the one street and many of the buildings seem to be a part of the rugged rocks.

Colorado Springs is a quiet city of thirty thousand people and like many western cities depends largely on tourists and health seekers for a living, yet there is much wealth in this city; fine homes and an air of prosperity is prevalent everywhere you go. From here you have a magnificent view of Pike's Peak. As we gaze on its snow-capped summit pointing to the sky, over fourteen thousand feet above the sea level, we are awed by its immensity. But as we turn away, the slogan of the gold seekers in years gone by comes to our mind, and we can hear them say in voices hoarse and vibrant, "To Pike's Peak or bust." There are many attractive surroundings to this famous resort which the tourist will not fail to see and enjoy.

Going south, the next city of importance is Pueblo, a

city of forty-five thousand people and called the "Pittsburg of the West." Steel works and smelters for the reduction of gold and silver ore contribute to the prosperity of the city. The mineral palace contains, it is said, the most complete and attractive collection of mineral specimens and ores in the world. We have gone south from Denver one hundred and twenty miles. From here we travel a northwesterly course to Salt Lake City, but before you get there you will think you are traveling every direction under the sun, for the road follows the Arkansas river from Pueblo to the summit at Tennessee Pass, over eleven thousand feet above sea level, a long distance and is a very crooked road. Here we are at Canon City and enjoy some of the luscious fruit raised in this beautiful valley. The city is rightly named, for it stands at the entrance to the Grand Canon of the Arkansas river. Here is located the State Penitentiary of Colorado, and the warden, Mr. Thomas J. Tynan, has been more talked of and written about than any other man holding a like appointment in any penal institution in this country; and why? Because Mr. Tynan believes that the greater number of convicts in his prison are not habitual criminals from choice. He blames drink (the accursed traffic again) for ninety per cent of the crime committed by the prisoners in his care. He gives his prisoners a "square deal," works them out doors in building roads, puts them on their honor and treats them like men instead of brutes, and makes them feel like they may yet be somebody. These prisoners, many of them perhaps, never had their mothers lay their hands on their heads and say as they left their homes, "Good-bye; I will pray for you and I want you to be somebody." We all pity the boys or girls who have no ties that bind them to something good in their childhood days. One man

never forgot when he left home to come to America, poor and friendless; his mother laid her hand on his head and said, "Good-bye, Horace; I want you to come back somebody."

Soon after leaving Canon City we were invited to take a seat in an observation car as the train would soon enter the Royal Gorge, in the Grand Canon of the Arkansas, which is the most famous canon in the world. Here the granite walls are twenty-six hundred feet high, smooth and unbroken by tree or shrub. Man becomes dwarfed and dumb in the sublime scene, and nature exhibits the power she possesses. At one point the gorge is but ten feet wide, where the road bed had to be built out from the walls, and the famous hanging bridge constructed. While nature has ever been the servant of man, it has also provided a way for him to overcome all obstacles. In this case had not the Arkansas river plowed its way through this rocky pass and from the great divide its source down to the fertile valley thousands of feet below, there would have been no road built through Tennessee Pass and down the Grand River on the western slope to the valley on the opposite side of what seems like the spinal column of this great continent. A distance of two hundred miles or more you see rocks and rocks and mountains in any direction you look and pass through sand dunes and barren plains, fertile valleys made so by irrigation, and then more rocks. Why go to Egypt to see the pyramids when you can see them by the score from Denver to the Pacific Coast? As we pass through this sublime majestic scenery, we think of Sinai, Nebo and the Mount of Transfiguration and feel that we must go to the mountain top to meet our Creator, where nature rules supreme, let our minds soar above the highest peaks and he will meet us and give us peace. Then return to the

valley, as did our Master, to work for the upbuilding of His kingdom. When you travel on this route from Denver to Salt Lake City, expect great things in scenic beauty and nature's grandeur and you will not be disappointed.

As we sweep around and through the Rocky Mountains and gaze from the car window at their rugged immensity, their grandeur and vastness, their colossal and gigantic appearance, we are reminded of a story we heard of a German farmer in Illinois, and we wondered whether on seeing these mountains he would exclaim "the mountains show the handiwork of God," or would he be indifferent to their greatness as he had been to other creations of man and nature.

The German farmer had a friend in Chicago who had insisted on him coming to the city to spend a week, and told him he would show him the city in all its metropolitan greatness. So one summer in the month of August, after the wheat and oats crop had been safely garnered, and being too early for the fall plowing and sowing, the farmer concluded he would visit his friend in the city. The next morning after his arrival his friend took him to State street. Pointing to the sky-scrapers, he said: "Did you ever expect to see such buildings over forty stories high? What a magnificent sight; nothing like it this side of New York! Isn't it grand?" But there was no response from the German, except "Yah." Then he took him to the beautiful parks for which this city is famous. At night they went to one of the best theatres. There was no sign on the countenance nor speech of approval by the stolid German that he appreciated what he had seen or heard. "Well," said his friend to himself, after they had parted for the night, "there is nothing here that interests him or causes him even a moment of

joy or enthusiasm. I will take him to New York and see if I can show him anything that will surprise him into an exclamation of wonder." The next day after they arrived at the metropolis of the East he took him to see the Bartholdi statue of the Goddess of Liberty. He took much pains to explain to his friend the greatness of the attraction, but there was no response except "yah." After seeing New York he said: "I will try him once more, and then I am done." So they pulled out for the Niagara Falls. "Now," he thought, "my friend will surely manifest some surprise and wonder when he beholds the grandest sight in the United States." So the next morning they went below the falls, where he could see them in all their grandeur and unchecked power. The city man said to his friend: "Now, wake up and behold one of the grandest sights in the world. See that water that pours over that precipice with a power that would, if utilized, turn all the machinery in the world. Man, Man! did you ever dream of such a sight? Just look at it as the water comes tumbling down." The German cast his eyes up at the falls and said in that impassive, dull and sluggish manner which is a characteristic of the race: "I don't see anything to hinder the water from coming over."

SALT LAKE CITY.

Salt Lake City, the capital of Utah, in some ways is a beautiful city. The streets are wide, bordered with shade trees and laid out at right angles. The squares are larger than the average city. As we see the city in an auto, we are more impressed with the guide's talk than with the propelling power of his machine, for it balked on every up grade, but the guide's tongue loosened to the

occasion, making the ride interesting and saying things worth while. In passing the Board of Trade building he said: "Here's where many men have gotten rich in a few days—in experience." We passed the home of one of Brigham Young's widows, who is over eighty years old and still Young. There are sixty churches in the city and only three saloons—for every church. Temple Square is the principal point of interest to the visitor to the city of the saints. In it stand the magnificent Mormon Temple, the Tabernacle and the Assembly Hall. The Temple is one of the grandest and costliest ecclesiastical structures in the country, begun in 1853 and completed in 1893 at a cost of nearly six million dollars. The Mormon Tabernacle is one of the largest buildings for religious worship in the world. It is one of the architectural puzzles of the world, famous for its marvelous accoustic properties. We stood in the balcony, over two hundred feet away from our guide, who dropped a pin on a table which we heard distinctly; he rubbed his hands together and asked us in a whisper if we heard—and we did; it's wonderful. The Tabernacle is used for worship and seats eight thousand people. But the Temple, alas! no gentile is allowed to enter its sacred portals, and as we stood and gazed at this magnificent and beautiful structure, with its many spires pointing heavenward, we wondered why this great edifice had been erected. If a church, why not its door open to the world? Then the thought came, would these saints have a building not made with hands in the Eternal City set apart for their especial benefit? Since I was a boy Mormonism has been to the fore, year after year, and with other isms that one cannot approve, fostered by some man or woman who thinks they are going to inaugurate a system of worship that will transcend—yea, rise far above any that has ever

been in the world—and with the thought of the blessed Master as your guide and counsellor, you turn away from this city of saints, this city of mystery, this city to our minds one of deception; this is our impression, and glad we are to get away, for while the gentiles are in the majority, the big things of the city are stamped Mormon on every hand. The depot at Salt Lake City is one of the finest buildings on the route, not the largest of course, but of the best material.

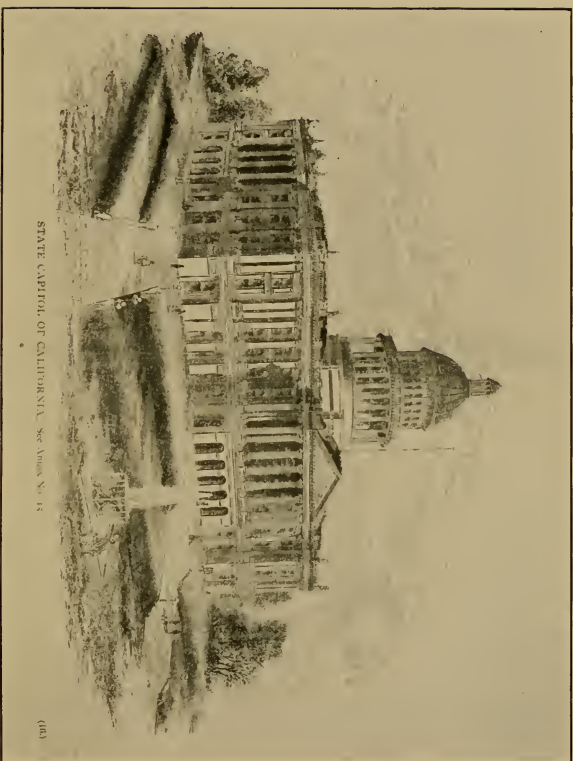
From Salt Lake City we skirt the eastern shore of the great Salt Lake for a distance of thirty-six miles and come to Ogden. A glimpse at the lake and your eyes turn not, a body of water surrounded by mountains and valleys. The density of the salt makes the water so buoyant that sinking is impossible and, of course, floating is the favorite pastime. The average depth of the water is twenty feet, the length is one hundred and twenty-six miles by forty-five in width. The lake has no outlet for the water which is continually flowing in from several rivers and evaporation absorbs the vast volume. It is said that the water in the lake gets higher as the years go by.

At Ogden we change from the Denver and Rio Grande, bag and baggage, to the Southern Pacific Railroad. The Denver and Rio Grande has carried us over some rough roads, but they are careful and have few accidents on this road. From Ogden we cross the Great Salt Lake, a distance of thirty miles, on trestle and fill-ins, and now if one could go to sleep, say, at nine o'clock p. m. and not waken until three p. m. the next day, it would be as well, for about all we see for several hundred miles is vast desolation, barren plains, gray and reddish rocks, glinting beds of alkali, sage brush with mounds of sand around them held by their fibrous roots, and at long intervals we

see green pastures, cattle and horses grazing in the fields and the smoke curling from the rancher's cabin. No wonder they tell us so often and at many places that "Little drops of water on little grains of sand make a mighty difference in the price of western land." And that reminds us of a story we heard or read in a magazine: "A man owned an apple orchard in one of those arid states where a shower of rain was a luxury. One day the long looked for shower came in its misty, fog-like gentleness. The hired man, who was from the East, where, when it does rain it comes down in torrents, went on with his work, unmindful of the scant precipitation. When, finally, he went to the house for his meal, his employer said to him: 'Why did you not come to the house when it was raining?' 'Oh,' he replied, 'I don't mind a rain like that.' 'Well, the next time it rains,' said his boss, 'I want you to come to the house, for the ground needs the rain that soaks into your clothes.'"

If the state of Nevada had to depend on its agriculture and it alone, it would be slim living, but it is rich in minerals, and it has Reno, a city that gets much free advertising, for it has been made famous by divorces and prize fights; but we must sit up and take notice, for we are right in the foothills of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, and in a short time we are in California.

These mountains differ widely from the Rockies. We were impressed with their beauty more than their grandeur. We saw the fern and laurel, the pine and cedar around the horse shoe, one side several hundred feet higher than the other. Slowly we go up and up, then we look down and see beautiful Donner Lake, called the "Gem of the Sierras," three and one-half miles long and an average width of one mile and at the deepest point sounded is about two hundred feet deep. It is surrounded



State Capital, Sacramento, Cal.

See Page 82

on three sides by towering mountains covered with a growth of fir, spruce and pine trees. We look across or back far below and see the winding course we have followed; up and up we go, higher and higher toils the train through the snow sheds and tunnels until the summit is reached. The highest point passed by the Southern Pacific is seven thousand feet above the level of the sea, and soon we are going down the western slope, now hanging over the precipices, now winding around Cape Horn, said to be one of the grandest scenes on the American continent, down and down until the valley is reached, and in a few hours we find ourselves at the capital city of California. We can hardly conceive the wonderful change from an altitude of over seven thousand feet at the summit, which is not the highest elevation of these picturesque mountains, for bleak and bare of verdure rise the peaks around the summit to an altitude of over ten thousand feet. Scattering hardy spruce and fir are in the mountain gorges, where rest the eternal snows that have lain for ages hidden away from the sun's rays in these deep mountain gulches. From everlasting snow to a semi-tropical climate an altitude of thirty feet in a few hours' ride, a distance of one hundred and fifty-five miles, it is wonderful. We were impressed with the beauty and pleasing effect of the orange and olive groves, the dazzling flowers, the stately pines, the magnolias, the eucalyptus trees that shed their bark instead of their leaves, the pepper trees with their dense foliage, the acacia and many others that make the homes, parks and public grounds veritable Edens in appearance.

SACRAMENTO.

The city of Sacramento has a remarkable history, ravaged by fire and flood more than once. Not only have they rebuilt their city, but have built the ground on which it stands ten feet higher than the original site, and it stands today a quiet, prosperous city, showing what the perseverance and indomitable will of the American citizen can do. The streets are broad and run at right angles. There is a quiet, restful beauty about this city that makes one feel like it would be a good place to stay. The State Capitol grounds impress one as being the most beautiful ever, covering a space of four squares. The splendid building in the center is a feast for the eyes, a thing of beauty and a joy to behold; not so with the park on the north; there is not much beauty there, but it makes the contrast greater. The Potter art gallery is worth going to see; what a pity that it was not located on the park near Capitol Square. Our impressions of the fine paintings were not of the highest by the time we got back to the center of the city. See Sutter's Fort and we are ready to leave the city, not that we are tired of staying, but as tourists we must see all we can.

As we go from Sacramento to Stockton, a distance of forty miles, we get a glance of the beautiful California valleys, with which the state abounds and without which the state would be no better than a desert. We were impressed with the magnitude of the grape industry, car after car loaded with grapes standing on the side tracks ready to be taken to the wineries to be made into old port. These grapes were not in boxes, but piled on the flat cars like loads of gravel. Stockton, a prosperous city of thirty-five thousand, is not different from other cities except its wide streets and clean appearance. What im-

pressed us most and gave more real comfort and rest than in any city we have ever been was a cafe, with a reading room and library. It was not a small affair; on one side was the ladies' entrance, easy chairs on which to rest, papers and magazines to read; on the other side was the gentlemen's entrance, tables covered with papers and magazines, plenty of chairs, and quiet and order pervaded the place. This was separated by screens from the dining hall. Here one can get a good meal and a hundred people or more could be served at the same time, and we wondered why there were not more such places in other cities. A tired person would walk several squares to find a place to rest for half an hour; this is a drawing card or, rather, a good advertisement. In our trip from Stockton to Oakland we cross the Contra Costa range of mountains. They are not high like some we have crossed, but the altitude is nearly one thousand feet, while at Stockton it is twenty-three feet, which means a high grade to climb.

It has always seemed strange why railroad companies build their depots in the most unsightly part of the city. The first impression made on a stranger's mind on entering a city is the one that lasts; perhaps not a safe criterion, yet it is true. We have in mind one place that far exceeds the city in beauty, and when the name of the city is mentioned the panorama unrolled and made to pass before the mind is the style of the structure of the depot and its beautiful surroundings, and for the benefit of those who are interested will say that place is Santa Barbara, of which we will tell you later. Yes, the first impression is the one that lasts, and many times the one on which you can depend.

When we get off the train at First and Broadway in Oakland we are impressed with the opposite of beautiful

in the surroundings, and yet Oakland is an up-to-date city with a population of one hundred and sixty thousand. It has fine business blocks, elegant church edifices and beautiful residences. Oakland, Berkeley and Piedmont are so closely related that one cannot tell where the dividing line is located.

Berkeley is the home of the State University of California, nestling at the foot of the Berkeley hills. Here we find a college campus, unique and primitive in many ways, paths leading in every direction, across bridges, through groves of trees and shrubs of many varieties, flowers and ferns, cactus and palms in profusion; it is a lovely place. The impression made on our mind by these grounds is one of satisfaction and lasting remembrance, for it is so different from any we had ever seen. Up on the hillside, hid away as though it was ashamed to be seen, is the Greek Theater. It reminds us of the Coliseum at Rome in the time of Nero, on a small scale. It is made of concrete; mother earth is its base and the firmament is its cover. It seats nine thousand people and its acoustic properties are unsurpassed. Nature formed the place for the Greek Theater and W. R. Hearst furnished the money to build the seats and stage. It is surrounded with forest trees of many kinds. It is worth climbing the hill to see. And Piedmont Park must be seen to be appreciated as well as the palatial residences at the base and up on the side of the Contra Costa mountain, east of Oakland.

We take a street car in front of the City Hall in Oakland for Alameda. When we get on the bridge built across the estuary the car stops; what is the trouble? We see now; the bridge swings around to let a steamer or two pass through, and while we wait these thoughts come crowding through the mind. If we were in business we would be worried about waiting on this bridge,

but as we are only tourists, with more time than anything else, it makes no difference to us how long they wait. And we wondered why there was not a subway connecting these two cities, built by the Southern Pacific, for instance—they seem to have plenty of money—and the newspapers say the Harriman interests control about everything worth while on the coast, and we thought of what we heard on our trip, beginning with Denver, in every city to San Diego; some one pointed out the homes of the millionaires in every city we passed through. They seemed to be as numerous as grasshoppers in a Kansas corn field. They live in fine residences, separate and apart from the rest of humanity. In the middle West we do not hear anything about millionaires; no doubt they have them there, but they are not so much talked about as in the far West.

But no one said anything about the common people or the poor, except in Salt Lake City the guide pointed out the cabin of an old darky on one of the beautiful residence streets, who refused to sell for love or money, and that old house no doubt will stand as a monument against progress and modern civilization until the owner climbs the golden stairs and enters the new Jerusalem. It must be nice to be a millionaire; we would like to be one. If we were we would buy the Southern Pacific and put a stop to the graft and avaricious propensity of that great corporation, for if all you hear and read of this monster on the coast is true it is surely a holy terror and a menace to civilization; but I am free to confess that we were treated nicely while traveling on this road. The trainmen and agents were uniformly kind and courteous at all times. We have just read in the papers that the state has come into its own by or through the election last fall, the corporations have been dethroned from control

of the state, and the milenium politically was an assured fact. So mote it be.

But the bridge is closed and we rush into Alameda like a whirlwind, making up for the time lost at the bridge. As we pass through this city of twenty-five thousand people we are impressed with its beauty, its quietness and wide, clean streets. Alameda has more beautiful homes with well kept lawns filled with lovely flowers, more shade trees and less business than any city of its size we have ever seen. When the steam power trains that circle the island every half hour are replaced by the electric, you can almost hear yourself think. A gentleman from this city was introduced to a lady student of the State University and he told her he lived in Alameda. "Oh, yes," she said, "in the 'city of the living dead,' " and, after all, Alameda is just what it was intended for—a quiet, healthy, attractive and pleasant residence city, with plenty of good schools and numerous churches. The only blot to mar the beauty of this fair city is the many saloons that do business seven days in the week. What a shame. But perhaps the city needs the money paid for licenses to keep the schools going—some places they call it blood money.

SAN FRANCISCO.

We take a car in Alameda for the pier which extends out into the bay for more than a mile. Here we pass through the ferry building and go into the ferry boat, either on the upper or lower deck. What splendid boats; there is room for hundreds of passengers, comfortably seated.. The palatial appearance as we enter one of these boats for the first time leaves a pleasing impression. As we leave the pier, Goat Island looms up about

a mile out in the bay on our right like a Gibraltar. It is three hundred and forty feet high and contains three hundred and fifty acres and belongs to the United States. To our left is the bay, in front of the Golden Gate, and the island we see beyond is Alcatraz, the military prison for the western half of the United States. And the soldier who insults the dignity of Uncle Sam by desertion or other cause and comes to this island to serve his sentence never escapes. It is a Siberia, surrounded by water.

We are at the ferry slip and pass out through the commodious ferry building and stand looking up Market street in San Francisco, the metropolis of California. We must not judge this great city and its nearly half a million people by our first impressions. It would not be just or proper. Every nationality on earth, inhabitants from every clime seem to be around and we wonder what these thousands of loafers do for a living, dirty and blear-eyed denizens of the slums. There is a feeling of fear and pity that comes over us that we want to get away. Anywhere is better than in this good natured but motley mob. But there is something fascinating about the heterogeneous crowd of humanity, and as one strolls along the dock and for a few squares back and sees the vice and degradation on every hand one is filled with compassion for these poor, weak men, who are sorely tempted by the accursed saloons that seem to be the prevailing business in this part of the city. No wonder this city gave such an overwhelming majority against woman suffrage. No doubt thousands of these men have no higher conception of life than to drink whiskey or beer and have long since forgotten their mother was a woman. Seeing this part of the city reminds us of a story of a Methodist preacher's five-year-old boy. When the preacher returned from the annual conference he told his family he had been ap-

pointed to a church in San Francisco and they would move across the bay. The night before they moved the little boy, after sending his usual petition to the throne of grace, in conclusion said: "And now, dear Lord, good-bye, we are going to move to San Francisco."

So we take a car and go out on Market street and get off at the Emporium, and we feel like we were in another city. The hustle and bustle, trade and traffic of these busy people along Market street and on the streets running at right angles from one side of Market street and not at right angles on the other showed plainly the first impression would not hold good at all times. If Golden Gate Park could have been made on the bay instead of the ocean, what a different view when the stranger came through the ferry building. We rode on the cars and climbed the hills, went to Chinatown and out to the Aviation Meet and almost saw the biplane light on the battle ship and fly away, but the most pleasing sight to us was the Golden Gate Park and the Pacific Ocean. It is useless to try to describe our feelings.

As we gaze out over the dark blue ocean for the first time the waves of grief beat in on our lonely heart, and like a fog creeping up from the bay to hide us came our one great sorrow, and this beautiful poem of Tennyson came into our mind. Never before did we realize so fully the great love he had and the sorrow he felt for his friend buried near the sea:



The Pacific Ocean.

“Break, break, break

On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O, well for the fisherman's boy
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O, well for the sailor lad
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But, O, for a touch of a vanished hand
And a sound of a voice that is still.

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.”

When the tourist comes to San Francisco in 1915 and wanders through the park, where the great Panama Exposition ought to be held and then goes out to the Cliff House and gazes out over the mighty deep, the picture will come into his mind of Balboa on yon mountain top, kneeling and with arms uplifted and hands pointing toward heaven as with grateful heart he utters the one word, “Eureka.” Take a look at the seals a few hundred feet away, then return to the park and we could spend days and days looking at the many interesting and lovely things kept here for the benefit of the people. San Francisco is rugged and irregular, it could not be anything else, for those eternal hills are there to stay and to make a city like this it must be built on the hill, for the valley is full. But they have the finest harbor in the

world, the transbay cities are their close neighbors. They have the finest and largest city park in the world, and all the water around it that they need, so what else could they ask except a hearty response to the invitations they will send out to the world to visit a modern and up-to-date World's Exposition.

There are many interesting things to see in and around this metropolis of the West. The United States Mint, Chinatown, The Presidio, a large military reservation containing twelve hundred acres and overlooking the Golden Gate, Sutro Heights, Seal Rocks, the Cliff House, the Ocean Boulevard, and the beautiful Golden Gate Park are all worth seeing. The tourist can spend several weeks here and see something new every day. As we cannot go any farther west on the land, we will turn our faces toward the southeast and travel down the coast from Oakland to San Diego. We are rather anxious to see the much talked about and much boosted Southern California.

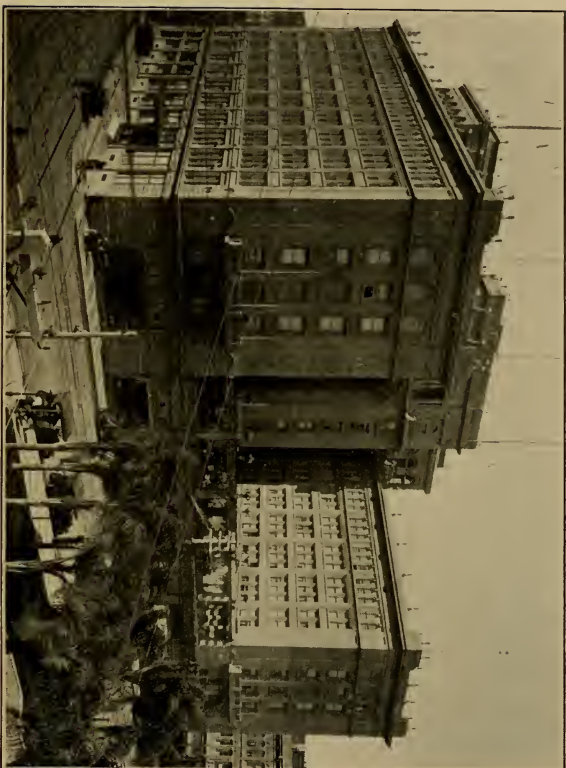
We take a train at Oakland. Of course, it is a Southern Pacific train. We run down to San Jose, pronounced San Houza; we wonder why words are not pronounced like they are spelled, or spelled like they are pronounced in this western country. What if they are Spanish, we like English better. The Santa Clara Valley, in which San Jose is situated, has been made famous for its fruits and especially for the quality of the prunes. All dealers know the Santa Clara prunes are the best in the world. Fine apricots, peaches, pears and cherries are grown in this valley. The city is up to date, good streets and fine business blocks, and judging from the residences we conclude there are some of the residents, if they are not millionaires, they are very prosperous in this world's goods. In stepping from the street to the sidewalk, we

are confronted with the name of the street indelibly engraved in the cement, a new innovation and a decided improvement over the old way. Not being in the city on Saturday night, we did not have the pleasure of seeing the tower lighted, but we could imagine how beautiful it would be. We asked a boy what it was for and why the lights were not turned on. He said that they turned the lights on of Saturday nights to let the people know this was San Jose. The splendid depot at this place makes a good impression and we were not disappointed when we saw the city. Another thing of interest we saw in the depot was an exhibit of the products of the valley, which the tourist could examine while waiting for the train. Our next stop was at San Luis Obispo.

Between these two cities, a distance of two hundred miles, we see some fertile valleys, but for miles and miles the country is as barren as the Nevada desert; huge rocks and low mountain ranges are seen on every hand, through tunnels and over the Coast Range Mountains down to the last named city. One night at this place is enough, for as the name would imply, it was, is now and always will be Spanish, unless some American progress is infused into this sleepy old town. Just as the day was breaking and long before the majority of the quiet people of this quiet town had roused from their slumber we had breakfasted and boarded a train that came thundering in from over the mountain and we are off for Santa Barbara. Soon we are at the coast; here we see for the first time from the car window a sight not soon forgotten—the great Pacific Ocean on our right, the Coast Range of mountains on our left. At times we see the water lashing the beach, and as the train moves on the huge waves spend their force against the solid rocks, now a spur of land juts into the ocean and the water is hid-

den; then you see again the huge billows roll in, lash the shore as they have done for centuries past and will continue for all time to come or until this "earth shall melt with fervent heat," and as we look we wonder why, this never ending and perpetual unrest of the great deep. For miles and miles this glorious and fascinating picture of nature is spread out before us until our whole being is filled and thrilled with the thought of the power that created this vast universe, of which we see a fraction of the whole. On this coast road we marvel at the diversified scenery—to us there seemed an endless variety of nature's wonderful attributes—and as we contemplated why these things are the thought comes to our minds of how perfectly the earth was adapted for the home of the human race. The hills, hollows, plains, mountains, valleys, rivers, lakes and oceans, all serve their purpose, and they vary from the lesser to the greater, yet they are servants of man and conduce to his life and happiness. And as we ponder these things over in our mind, we wonder why all the civilized race does not worship the Creator of this delightful abiding place and praise Him for His goodness in supplying in the material world all things necessary for man's happiness and comfort. And in the spiritual a Comforter has been sent to teach all things to all men who will hear and learn "blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God," truly a beatific promise, worthy of our greatest endeavor to obtain.

And after all, this old world will roll on through space, year after year, generations will come and go, the wheels of progress will move on, the world will be far more beautiful in appearance fifty years hence than it is today, the change will be far greater than in the last half century, for there will be many more people to make things come to pass. But the question comes up, will people in the



The Grant Hotel, San Diego, Cal.

See Page 94

world at that time be happier, better, wiser, healthier or stronger; will there be greater preachers, doctors, lawyers, orators or statesmen? Time alone will tell.

While our minds are busy with these thoughts the great engine pulsating and throbbing like a living monster pulls up in front of the depot at Santa Barbara, the city of climate and flowers. When we leave the train the lovely surroundings make pleasing impressions on the tourist. A short distance away is the Hotel Potter. It is situated in the midst of a floral park, with broad drives and walks, with many kinds of blooming flowers, shrubs and shade trees which make this building and park the most beautiful except one we have seen on the coast. Then we see near the railroad track beds of flowers that make a pleasing appearance, and the station building is a thing of beauty and comfort. As we go north we see the rugged Santa Ynez Mountains back and to the left of this little city of twelve thousand people. What a place for the poet, the painter, or, in fact, the artist of any kind; here are romantic and picturesque surroundings and here they could get inspiration and elevating influence. Nowhere else have we seen so many flowers; even the humble homes vie with the more pretentious, and the mansion of the wealthy is not adorned with a fairer picture than is seen around the home of the humble cottager—roses, roses, roses everywhere.

“This world in which we live is mighty hard to beat—

We get a thorn in every rose, but ain't the roses sweet?”

We turn our faces south and walk to the beach along the boulevard and up to the Plaza, and with hundreds of other people listen to the Italian band discourse music that seems to be thrown out on the channel, comes back

and echoes in the cliffs that stand as huge sentinels close to the Plaza. We are loath to leave this fascinating city and hope sometime to see it again and enjoy its beauty and climate. Our next stop is Los Angeles, one hundred miles farther east. This terminates our contract with the Southern Pacific, in whose care and under whose protection we have been transported from Ogden to this city. We have stopped at so many places and rode on so many different trains on this road that it seems like parting with an old friend.

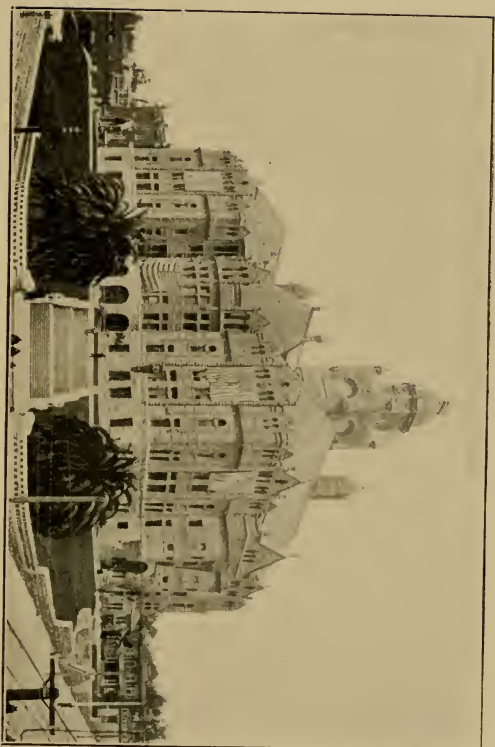
I wanted to go to San Diego. I went to the Hill Street Balloon Route Station and bought a round trip ticket via San Pedro by steamer. The agent said the car would leave at 9:15, so I made myself comfortable and watched the clock, and when the time was up I said to the gatekeeper, "What about the car to make connection with the steamer at San Pedro?" "Oh," he said, "the car starts from Sixth and Main streets." Well, they missed the fare and I missed the ride on the steamer; who was to blame? The Santa Fe is just as sure, much quicker and the same price. Bidding my partner good-bye for a few days, I boarded a train at 2 p. m. and at 6:30 p. m. I was in San Diego, a distance of one hundred and twenty-six miles.

If you have read John S. McGroarty's vivid portrayal of the growth and possibilities of San Diego and vicinity you will say with me it is a masterpiece in its allurements to the unwary. I wish for the sake of the good people of the coast that my first impression of the various cities I have visited was as romantic and ecstatic as those who have lived here and written so much and sung their praises so highly. But I cannot see it that way; perhaps if I had lived here longer I would see the possibilities of this great state in a different way from what

I do now. For argument, suppose you do raise the finest fruit and more of it than any state in the Union, you cannot live on fruit alone no more than we of the middle West can live on bread alone; you cannot live on climate alone, you cannot use all the gold and silver dug out of the mountains in the West. What if we do have blizzards, snow and freezing cold weather east of the Rocky Mountains, we need it and must have it to make farming a success just the same as you must have rain in the winter to insure a crop in the spring. So be reasonable and let a few of the people stay in the East. I think this is one of the many places to come and spend the winter and spend one's money and to spend the remaining part of life, if one is so inclined. Some people say that ten years will be added to a person's life by coming to live on the coast on account of the even climate and general conditions that make for longevity. Perhaps that may be true, but who will be the judge, or how will it be proven? Do not try to induce the class of people to come who want to live ten years longer; it would be like some towns where a large per cent of the citizens are retired farmers, a good class of people, but they do not add materially to the business interests of a town or city. It is the man in the prime of life reaching out for the almighty dollar that makes things come to pass.

San Diego is a good city and when we read the booklets sent broadcast throughout the country and handed to every tourist on the trains coming in and going out of some of the coast cities, we wonder at the beauty, the splendor and wonderful resources of the city and its environments. It awakens feelings of admiration for the writer as well as the place described, and we wonder if our impressions will respond and we will see the real thing just as the writer has tried to describe it. Some-

times the picture is overdrawn, then the difference will be as between a beautiful colored lithograph and a common black and white picture, the impression will be disappointing and the writer must bear the blame. I said to a city employee, stopping at the hotel where I was, "How is business in this seaport city?" He said: "For two or three years it has been on a boom, prosperity is coming our way, the city has taken on new life, many buildings are being constructed, the streets are being improved, a railroad to Yuma, Arizona, will soon be completed, our future is bright, and with the Panama Exposition to be held here in a few years this city is bound to grow." "But," I said, "all the cities in this great country of ours have made marvelous progress for ten or twelve years; what has been the trouble here? Every place has been on a boom, there has been high tariff, high wages, high prices for everything bought and sold, and the cost of living has been high; there must be something wrong or this city would have been in the swim. Further," I said, "this city of yours is surely endowed with many distinctive features; you have the most equable climate in the world, you have a fine harbor, a water supply unsurpassed, fertile valleys, the oldest mission on the coast, Point Loma, and from the looks of it one of the old-time ferry boats that has probably done duty as a transport on the Mississippi River during the Civil War, but, like the old gospel ship, it can carry many more over to beautiful Coronado, to my mind the most lovely place on the Pacific Coast. With all these advantages, why has this city not come to the front in years past?" This was his answer: "A certain interest controlled and owned a vast amount of property. It also controlled the city officials; no business could be transacted without consulting the interest and the city died, but now it is different, new



Los Angeles County Court House, Los Angeles, Cal.

See Page 99

officials are at the helm and the interest is not consulted, hence the change from bad to good." And I thought if fifty thousand people would allow an interest to run the city for its own benefit that the city ought to die. Yes, San Diego has many attractions and the tourist will be glad to see and enjoy its many varied attractions.

After staying here a few days and seeing what I thought was worth while, I returned to Los Angeles, the home of the tourist. My partner was ready to take a trip to 'Frisco by water, so we went to San Pedro and took passage on one of the steamships plying between those two ports. To me it was a very pleasant trip, for I was one of a few who were able to take the meals when they were ready, but when we got to the dock at 'Frisco the passengers were all able and very willing to disembark. This was our first experience on an ocean steamer, and we will not soon forget it. After ten weeks in the bay cities we stood on the docks at 'Frisco ready to take a steamer for San Pedro. As we passed through the Golden Gate we stood on the upper deck noting places of interest on the shore, and it was made doubly interesting because the captain, by the way a splendid man, to whom we had been introduced before leaving the dock, pointed out to us and told us much about the coast as well as the ocean. He showed us the charts made by the government. Three hundred miles out from San Francisco the water is three miles deep. The ocean has been sounded in every direction by the government and the greatest depth ever found and recorded is in the North Pacific, where it exceeds five miles in depth. It would take two Pike's Peaks to reach from the bottom of this depth to the top of the water. The bottom of the ocean is similar to the land in topography. It has plains and hills and mountains. All the hidden rocks and dangerous places along

the coast have been found and located on these charts, so that the mariner may plow through the mighty deep in perfect safety, if he will only be guided by his chart. What is most feared by seafaring people is the fog, which sometimes causes them to lose their bearing and the vessel is wrecked on a hidden rock.

The voyage from 'Frisco to San Diego is considered the safest on the Pacific Coast. In many places the largest vessels could go for miles within a few hundred feet of the shore with perfect safety, owing to the abrupt declivity of the coast ranges of mountains lying near the ocean. We got acquainted with the operator of the wireless telegraph. He explained to us how a message from the land or from another vessel would be taken up by every wireless instrument for hundreds of miles. It is a wonderful invention. The signal of distress is S O S, and when sent through the air and caught by the wireless operators the vessels can go to the rescue. It was a pleasant and interesting trip for us and we extended to the captain, operator and steward thanks for courtesies shown us. Every passenger was able to do full justice to the elaborate and well prepared menu and therefore it was not a money-making voyage for the steamship company, for they count on half or more of the passengers not being able for their rations. Do not fail to make this trip—you will not regret it. The tides and the winds have much to do with the pleasure of the journey on the vessel. From North to South is the better way.

When you leave your home in the East to visit in the West, your friends will say to those who have not made the trip, be sure and go to Los Angeles, Long Beach, Pasadena and the towns in that part of the state, and never mention a word about any other city. We wonder why? After visiting ten or twelve cities on and near the

coast, the answer is easy. After traveling four thousand five hundred miles, we are going to settle down for a few months and we have decided to stop at Los Angeles, for it has a home like atmosphere.

LOS ANGELES.

Los Angeles is the home and distributor of the tourist. One hundred thousand people are here six months out of the year; they crowd the churches, the hotels, the rooming houses, the Chamber of Commerce, the theaters, the streets, and I was going to say the saloons, but I am not posted on that phase of the tourists' appetite. No other city of its size could take care of this army of people; no other city in this state or perhaps any state is erecting as many large buildings. They are in evidence in every part of the city. It is said that these large buildings pay the owners a larger dividend than anything else in which they could invest their money. Ninety per cent of the citizens are from other states and act as though they were not ashamed of their former home. We said to a man from New Mexico, "This is a pretty good California city." "Yes," he said, "this is a good city, but it is an eastern and southern city." A tourist from Iowa said the reason that he liked it so well here is because the people are so friendly and sociable. He said up in San Francisco they call the eastern tourist "two-bit" people. That is equivalent to "thirty-cent" people in the East. Los Angeles is a city of audiences and automobiles, of beautiful homes, boosters, banks, bungalows, churches, cafeterias, balloon routes and climate, and so on down the list, but greatest of all for tourists.

And now can you tell why the people come here? It may be to prove the old adage correct, "birds of a feather

flock together." We were not impressed with the beauty of the city; it is rugged and irregular, a ten-story building standing by a one or two-story structure does not add to the architectural beauty of a city. The streets in the business part of the city are narrow and congested, of course. The hill around and on which a part of the city is built detracts from the free and easy access from all parts of the city. The Court House belongs to the people of the county, but the Federal building, in which the postoffice is located is the property of the United States, so we all have an interest indirectly in all the Federal buildings. The one in this city is the limit, there is no beauty about the location or the building. I said to a citizen who has lived here for a number of years and owns much real estate, "Why did Uncle Sam jam the Federal building into the hillside when there are so many beautiful sites near the central part of the city?" He said: "I will tell you why. He had a stingy spell on him; the lot was donated by interested parties, and that is why it was built where it was and it will stand for many years a monument to Uncle Sam's stinginess." The architect for this building missed his calling; the interior arrangement is as inconvenient as it possibly could be made, no doubt to correspond with the exterior in location and lack of architectural beauty.

There are many sight-seeing trips out of this city, but the tourist, although a stranger, will soon learn the wishes of these very pleasant, well-mannered and courteous promoters of the various side-line trips for pleasure and recreation; he will join the crowd, and few indeed will regret the time and money spent. There has been a vast amount of money invested on the coast so that the tourist could be properly entertained, and from the unlimited patronage bestowed on these daily excursions one



A Pleasing Sight.

Snow and Flowers all the Year near Pasadena, Cal.

See Page 102

is led to believe that the money invested brings a larger dividend than the same amount would in orange groves, dairy ranches or poultry farms. The Chamber of Commerce on Broadway is the haven of rest and recreation for the tourist; here we find the products from every valley in Southern California. In the lecture hall we listen to the fluent and vivid description of everything produced, as well as the cities from Berkeley to San Diego coming in for their share of commendation and the great possibility of the investor to realize fair and sometimes unusually large dividends on the money invested in either city or country property. These lectures are made doubly interesting and fascinating by the aid of stereopticon pictures. This is a delightful place to spend a few hours, a day, a week or two. We were impressed with the beauty of the exhibits and with the zeal and energy displayed on every hand by the management of this great institution to make it a place of information and instruction as well as of pleasure; it is the best ever of the kind we have seen. Los Angeles is indeed a wonderful city—its population in 1910 was three hundred and nineteen thousand, an increase in ten years of two hundred and eleven per cent, and why? As a tourist we are free to say the greatest incentive to homeseekers is the climate, and the next factor is the zeal and energy displayed by the real estate people, the home investment companies and kindred organizations in boosting the merits of their city; their actions are commendable and the results gratifying. If the future increase keeps pace with the past, not many years hence and this progressive city will rank fourth in population in the United States, and as a matter of fact let us record here and now that this city deserves all it can get, for its moral standing is above the average, its street car service is unsurpassed, it has good schools and

many fine churches, and its beautiful homes and its many attractions make it an up-to-date city. If you are looking for a home on the coast, we think you would be pleased with Los Angeles. This city is not the only one that boasts its climate and progress. It is an attribute peculiar to the state. Even in Sacramento an old veteran said, "This is the best city in the state in which to live, but everybody don't think so." But all this reminds us of a story: A man in San Diego had a dream—probably the man who lectures at the Chamber of Commerce in Los Angeles. He dreamed he died, and, of course, went to heaven. Soon after he got there St. Peter came to him and said: "Follow me." He led him to a large room where many people were marking on a blackboard. Peter gave him a handful of chalk and told him to go to the blackboard and make a mark for every lie he had ever told. As he was going to the board he met a well known booster from Los Angeles coming away. "Hello, my friend, where are you going?" "After more chalk," was the reply.

In entering Pasadena we were impressed with the beauty of its location, and as we traversed its streets with its many fine residences and well kept lawns thought it a remarkable city in some ways. It has a population of thirty thousand people. It is located in a picturesque valley, and from the center or business part of the city on either hand the ground rises gradually for several squares, and when we stand on a plateau stretching away to the base of the mountains that loom up in every direction, standing sentinel-like around, we see the most beautiful of the cities we have seen on or near the coast. In location, beautiful homes, adornment of parks and lawns, with its flowers, shrubs, fruit and shade trees, it stands pre-eminent as an ideal city in appearance, and why not?

With the lavish use of money any city could be made more pleasing to the eye. When the organ of sight or vision is satisfied, the impression is made on the mind either of the beauty or the opposite of a place or thing. Compared with the sense of sight, the other four are insignificant. What impression could the person have who is deprived of his sense of vision? Could he conceive of the power and grandeur of a Niagara, of the sublime and majestic beauty of a Mt. Lincoln, of the quiet appearance and yet mighty immensity of a Pacific Ocean, of the beauty of plains and fertile valleys? We pity one who is blind; it seems like a sad life, and yet it is better to see with the eye of faith than to have "eyes and see not, and ears and hear not, neither understand." It has been said many times, and I suppose it is true, there are more millionaires in Pasadena than any city west of the Rocky Mountains. Well, they have all they desire and no doubt are happy and contented. They have as near an Eden in which to live as any people on earth, and we hope they will prepare themselves to live in Paradise with those who go up through great tribulation. Hotel Raymond, perched on a hill and surrounded with ever-blooming flowers and trees of perpetual foliage, is a place of beauty. Hotels Green, imposing and immense, stand on either side of one of the business streets in the central part of the city, connected, as they are, by a covered cement bridge, twenty-five feet or more above the ground, we are reminded of the state seal of Kentucky, "United we stand, divided we fall." Busch's Sunken Gardens is what its name implies, hid away beyond the suburbs, perhaps two miles from the city's busy mart of trade. We find this fascinating and picturesque garden one in which nature has been lavish in doing her part to make this place one of beauty and interest; but man, the child and image of

the Creator of nature, with his energy, his will and means, God given all of them, sees the opportunity to make more beautiful nature's handiwork, and after all it is mother earth that gives life and beauty to our surroundings, life to the grass, the flowers, the trees to man and beast, and beauty to all things inanimate. Man must polish and burnish and utilize nature's bountiful resources; so in this garden nature has furnished the base, man has done the setting. It would be difficult to describe this wonder of matchless and unique creation—you must see it to realize how much you would have missed had you stayed away. Why it was made, we do not know or why there is no admission charged at the gates we do not know, neither do we know why a man would furnish probably two hundred acres of land and expend hundreds of thousands of dollars to beautify it for the pleasure of the public, but we do know that this man has given to the public a panorama of exquisite loveliness by which he will be remembered by more people than many who have been equally fortunate in acquiring this world's goods. The impression made on our minds of this garden is truly a pleasing memory. The description of this garden could not be told; it might be told, had one the art or skill to make you see it as it is; how, as you enter the gate from the public road which divides the Sunken Garden from the Arroyo Garden, first we see an artesian well where we can slake our thirst with the pure, clear, cold and sparkling water that comes bubbling up from Nature's reservoir. Turning to the left we are standing on a rustic bridge; looking down we see gold fish sporting in the limpid water; around this miniature lake are moss-grown boulders piled one above another a distance of thirty feet or more and ferns of many varieties forcing their way through the crevices of the rocks that seem to drink and

grow day and night from the moisture of the water flowing from its subterranean channel down hill from one small lake to another over the toy dams until it is lost in the larger lake in the valley, where a fountain never tires sending the water into the air, and in the spray the tints of the rainbow can be traced as the rays of the sun kiss the beautiful picture; and how to our left we followed the narrow walks through groves of trees and bordered with flowers. Parallel are the paths in direction, but not in fact, for as nature made the foundation, man made the paths to conform to irregularity of the surface, hence the beauty. It is a mountain fastness made into a veritable Grove of Daphne, and how we go down from one path to another by steps made at intervals in the hillside until we are in the valley, and how as we follow the broad smooth road on our left we see the zigzag arroyo or river with its silver thread of water, and the solid rock rising hundreds of feet almost perpendicular from the shore of this tiny river as though it would guard and protect this enchanted valley from all intruders, and how we pass under the shadows of the great live oak trees, whose only claim to beauty is their crookedness; and how as we go up the hill on the wide, smooth driveway, the cliff of rocks with cactus of many varieties growing in the clefts of rock and the grove of eucalyptus bordering and overhanging the road; and how as we near the entrance to the Arroyo Garden we turn and take one long, last look at the beauty and splendor of this fascinating panoramic view that spreads out and below us like an enchanted valley, surrounded by nature's handiwork, the eternal hills. And how as we cross the highway and enter the Sunken Garden with its beautiful walks and drives, bordered with flowers of beauty and fragrance, its shade trees with foliage dense and perpetual, its miniature orange and lemon

groves, its terrace on terrace covered with velvet-like lawn, its Banbury cross mill with overshot wheel, slowly but surely turning round and round, seemingly as near perpetual motion as one could conceive, its concrete walks running thither and yon, now in the dense shadow of the grove, again in the bright sunlight, now across a ravine winding tortuous-like higher and higher, we go until now at last we stand on the top terrace of this most wonderful creation of nature and man, and as we gaze around, down and across we are lost in contemplation of the unique beauty we see on every hand. If the Arroyo Garden is beautiful, the Sunken Garden is superlatively so. There is only one Busch's Sunken Garden in the world and that is near Pasadena, California. Seventy-five thousand dollars are expended annually on this wonderful garden, and if the improvements and beautifying continues another decade this matchless garden will be one of the wonders as well as the admiration of the world. When in the garden you find comfortable seats in profusion; they are a convenience as well as a source of comfort. The only feature of discomfort and disappointment is its inaccessibility, having to walk a mile or more from the street car line detracts from the pleasure of the visit, otherwise it is a pleasing pastime and a source of inexpressible delight and beauty to the visitor.

Next we will go to the far famed Long Beach, rightly named "Queen of the Beaches," a city of twenty-three thousand people, located twenty miles south of Los Angeles and on the Pacific Ocean. Land locked, but not with mountains, over the fertile valleys, we see in the far distance the snow-capped Sierra Madre Mountains; looking seaward we see the Catalina Island in the distance, and water everywhere, even beyond the ken of vision, and as the huge billows come rolling in and send their spent

force creeping up on the sandy beach or lash the rocks with fury, because man or nature has dared to stop their onrushing course, and the spray flying upward above the sullen boom as a challenge of the power of the great deep, then the water slowly and silently returns to the bosom to hide under the next wave that is coming to spend its force against the shore; and as we look at this ever interesting, never ending panorama spread out before us, we experience a joy eternal, a changing joy of which neither the eye nor the mind ever grows weary. To an impressionable mind, it is like a dream. In fancy we could see the white sails of the pleasure boats and the fisherman's craft, the great vessels from different ports of the world, and once in a while the hulks of the invincible battleships, the tar-like smoke pouring forth from the great funnels always ready at a moment's notice to serve their country and protect the land of the free and the homes of the brave, what a lasting and pleasing impression is made on the susceptible mind. A harbor land locked and open to the commerce of the world and a beach unsurpassed by any on the Pacific Coast for length and breadth and beauty, and the city is making a marvelous growth in population and general improvement. It is a residence city in every sense of the word, the climatic conditions are ideal. It is a city of churches and good schools, but best of all it is a city without a saloon. We are glad to find even one city on the coast that can have good schools without the aid of the license money from these places of degrading influence. If a legitimate business, why the license? A pleasing thing in this city is the public library, a building of beauty and comfort, situated in the center of the square and surrounded by a park made lovely by flowers and shade trees. It is an ideal home city and one that can boast of its morality, its sobriety and general tone

of refinement and beauty. While standing at the end of the pier which extends out into the ocean probably a mile, we thought of a story some one had told us of a lady from the Middle West, who had never seen the ocean. She came to Long Beach to visit a friend. The next morning after her arrival her friend took her out on the pier that she might see the ocean in all its beauty and grandeur. After feasting on the sublime and awe-inspiring sight for a few minutes, she turned to her friend and with a countenance indicating great disappointment and with a voice expressing utter indifference, said: "I thought it would look larger than that."

SANTA CATALINA ISLAND.

While at Long Beach, visit Catalina Islands; the price is high, but the pleasure is great. Take a trolley or Salt Lake train to San Pedro, a short distance up the coast, here you will see the land-locked and sea-walled harbor where the government is expending millions of dollars in creating a harbor for the commerce of the world. Take one of those magnificent steamers and in two hours the twenty-seven miles from the mainland to the island is covered and you stand on the shore of a picturesque ocean mountain gem, twenty-two miles long and from one to eight miles wide. Its highest peak has an elevation of twenty-two hundred feet. It is a beautiful and enchanting spot, with its varied scenery, its smooth beaches, its lofty cliffs, canyons and rugged mountain peaks. Many are the attractions on this lonely island, but the one the tourist wishes most to see is a view of the submarine gardens through glass-bottomed boats. These gardens have been accurately and forcibly described by some writers as follows: "Floating over the

green and blue water in the glass-bottom boat one sees the goings and comings of aquatic life. Here are shell-encrusted rocks, fishes, red, green and gold, zig-zaging leisurely among the waving foliage; here are real trees with long branches waving as on land by a tempest; great fish of all shapes, luxuriant foliage with branches bearing clusters of fruit resembling olives. Leaning over the transparencies in the bottom of the boats, people go into ecstasies." Divers there are who plunge into the crystal water and get silver coins before they reach the bottom, thrown into the water by the pleasure seekers. The divers also go to the bottom twenty-five or thirty feet and bring up shells and sell them to those who wish to buy. Surely it is a precarious way of earning a living, but it is clean and wholesome in the extreme. Now as we leave the island the thought comes to us, what a Patmos or St. Helena this would make if farther removed from the mainland. It is an island famed as a resort for those seeking rest and recreation during the summer months because of its equable climate, its canvas city, its fishing, boating and many other features for sport and pleasure.

REDLANDS AND RIVERSIDE.

To the merchant doing business east of the Rocky Mountains in California fruits, the brand of these two cities on boxes of navel oranges sent out from either city is a synonym for the best of its kind in the United States, and the tourist who fails to see these fertile valleys covered with thousands of acres of orange and lemon groves will miss one of the most pleasing sights in Southern California. Go with us first to Redlands, located at the extreme eastern end of San Bernardino Valley. West-

ward the valley opens into San Gabriel and Los Angeles valleys and to the southwest through the Santa Ana Valley to the Pacific Ocean, distant fifty-two miles, and to Los Angeles sixty-two miles. Redlands is surely a little city of delight as it nestles beneath the protecting shadows of the lofty mountain peaks. From the station we turn to the right and take a stroll up the business street until we come to the Smiley public library, a thing of beauty set in a park, whose every appearance speaks of culture and care. Flowers rich in beauty and perfume, shrubs and shade trees of many kinds bordering the walks and drives make this mission style library building and surrounding park a feast for the eye and a charm for the ecstatic soul. Drawing farther away from the busy street, we find homes of exquisite loveliness smothered in bowers of roses which lead us to exclaim with the poetess:

“Lift up the rose, the rose sublime,
The sweetest flower of every clime,
Swept tranquilly by every breeze
Always with grace, always with ease.
They're blooming on the garden wall
Beneath the whispering trees for all,
Kissed by the dew from eve 'til dawn,
Then by the sun's rays smiled upon.”

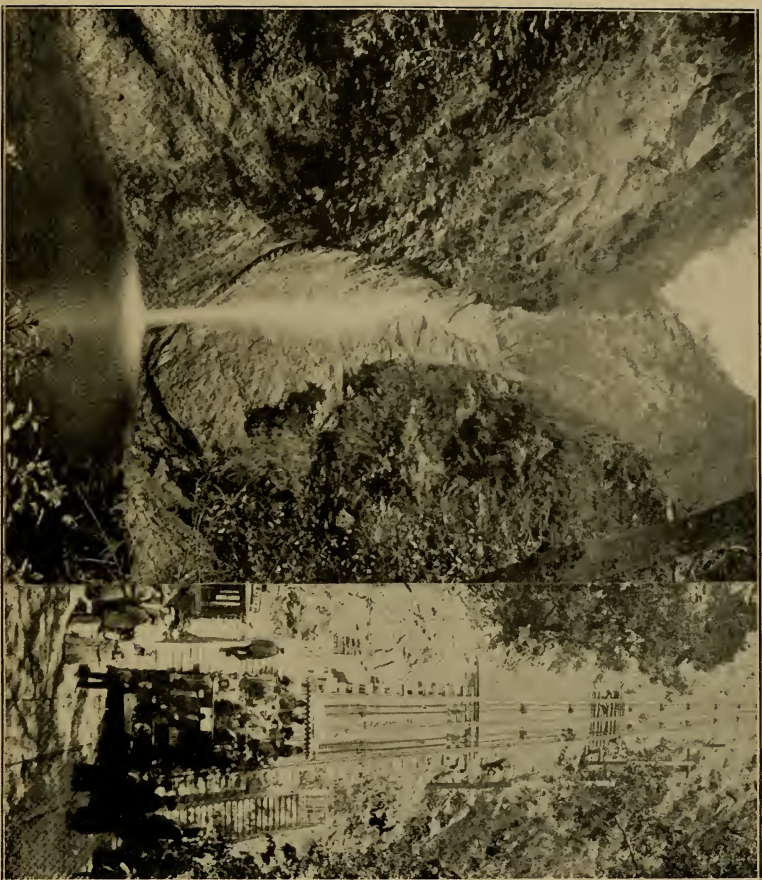
Redlands is indeed a city of beautiful homes, both in architectural beauty and ornamentation. No city of its size, that we have seen, can compare with it as a home city. Now let us go up to Smiley's Heights and gaze at the snow-capped mountain peaks, at the vast expanse of orange groves, the city of delight and to us the city of a pleasant memory. And now we are off for Riverside,

winding through groves of navel oranges, cultivated like gardens and watered by the inexhaustible supply stored in the reservoir. It is a land not of milk and honey, but of oranges, grapefruit and kindred products. Riverside is a city beautiful, it is the county seat of Riverside County, a county in which is raised grapes, citrus fruits, hay and grain, which is made possible by irrigation. In this city the mission style of architecture prevails. The Glenwood Mission is unique and attractive. There is no other like it in the world, quiet and homelike; while passing you wonder what it is, there is no suggestion of a hotel. Walk from the Arcade up the court into the lobby and note the quiet and homelike appearance. This Mission Inn must be seen to be appreciated. On the western side of this beautiful home city stands a mountain, bold and rugged; but that is nothing new, for we doubt if one is ever out of the sight of a mountain in California. With the ocean on one side and the mountains on the other, the climate is so tempered that the growing of semi-tropical fruits is not a theory, but a reality. Up these valleys come the ocean breeze, and the rugged mountains check the torrid heat from the desert, they also release the cooling air which flows gently down their slopes into the valley during the summer season, preventing excessive heat. What a wonderful supply of material nature has stored up for the comfort and happiness of humanity. She is lavish in her benefactions, the breeze from the mountain or desert is as free as from the ocean and there is no monopoly or freezing-out process.

But why linger around and write so much of the beauty and pleasing appearance of these California valley cities, made so attractive by flowers and shade trees, by the architectural beauty of the homes and public buildings,

broad, smooth streets, cement walks everywhere in the city limits, all these add to the comfort and happiness of a people who are living the better life. No blinding flash of lightning, no crash of thunder, no tornado, no blizzard, no phenomenon of nature to blanch the cheek or still the heart with fear, except a tremor or quake once in a while to show that mother earth is surcharged with dynamic force that must be spent regardless of consequences. And we wonder as we go from valley to valley and from city to city, if the people are happier, more contented and better than those who have the elements of nature to contend with and that sometime come like a blessing in disguise. And now as we leave Riverside, surrounded as it is with orange and lemon groves, the pride of the state and the joy of those who have made these conditions real, there is a sadness in the fact that one of her citizens can so far forget his mother that he will contend that a woman ought to work more hours in a day than a man. Shame on Frank Miller, the hotel man, for his actions in working women more than eight hours a day in violation of a State law. And no matter how the supreme court of the State decides, Miller has no excuse for his unlawful methods, and his actions will be an object of scorn and censure to all fair-minded people.

As we came from Riverside to Fullerton we saw thousands of acres of English walnut trees and the largest we have ever seen. On many the branches extend from the body of the tree twenty feet either way while the top is cone shaped with dense foliage. In these valleys are grown apricots, olives, loquats, grapes, alfalfa, oats, barley and sugar beets and ornamental trees, shrubs consisting in part of roses, honeysuckles, poppies, palms, China berry trees, pepper trees and magnolias. Wonderful in the endless variety of its products. And now we invite



Bridal Veil Falls, Mt. Lowe, Sierre Madre Mts., Cal.

you to take a little side trip with us; we will not be gone long, about thirteen hours and a half.

We will leave Los Angeles at 8 a. m. and return at 9:30 p. m. Of course we could return sooner, but there are a few things at Mt. Lowe that we must see after old Sol goes to sleep out in the briny deep and before he shows his face above the eastern mountain. It would be superfluous to give a detailed account of the trip from Los Angeles to the summit of Mt. Lowe, six thousand one hundred feet above sea level. A mere outline must suffice and will answer our purpose, which is to show you some of the beautiful scenery of valleys and mountains, nowhere so harmoniously blended as in Southern California. In making this trip you will pass the county hospital on the right with its great buildings like a city set on a hill, you will cross the trestle over the Arroyo Seco high above the tree tops, you will pass the ostrich farm, a place made beautiful by semi-tropical plants; on this farm roam flocks of these monster birds, whose only claim to beauty is their awkwardness, and woe be to the person who stand in front of one of them and receives a kick frontward from their mulelike hoof. If they were trained, what marvelous football players they would make, you could imagine a ball flying through space a half mile or more. You pass through Pasadena, a city of wealth and refinement, millionaires everywhere. How do you suppose a common everyday sort of a man would feel who was compelled to live in a city whose only claim to recognition from the world was its wealth. And as we see more of the world, its poverty, its unrest, its universal longing to become rich, its greed and graft, its hypocrisy and deceit, its incessant clamor for pleasure, its ever-increasing concentration of wealth, its many vices and few virtues, you will exclaim and with cause. "What a

pessimistic doctrine you proclaim!" Why not say the world is growing better year after year—because there is less poverty and unrest, and the longing of many to become rich has been realized and they give liberally of their abundance to help humanity that is less fortunate. There is a bond of fellowship reaching across our continent from ocean to ocean and from the lakes to the gulf, held together by the churches, the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A., by fraternal and kindred organizations. The effort put forth by city, county, state and nation for the betterment of the people in their sanitary, moral, intellectual and financial condition is far in advance of the conditions existing even half a century ago. Yes, optimism is the doctrine we all want to preach. It will not make it so by preaching it, but it will make us feel better than knocking on the dark side. We have digressed and all on account of those Pasadena millionaires, but you get tired hearing them exploited as though to belong to that class was the only thing worth while. If we have any desire to be rich and perhaps so, it would not be for the love of money, but the pleasure of giving. To give a blind man a dollar, a cripple leaning on his crutch a dollar, a woman selling papers on the sidewalk a dollar and to see their astonishment and pleasure would be worth while. How do we know if they are worthy? It makes no difference, we know they are needy or they would not stand for hours trying to sell shoestrings, lead pencils and papers.

Now on the tableland we are at Altadena, with its homes of beauty, set in ample grounds, wide views of valleys and close views of rugged mountains. A little farther and higher we come to the poppy fields, where in the springtime they are like a cloth of gold, and the air has a freshness like the hills. Now we are winding

among the shoulders of the mountains and skirting the canyons and now we are at Rubio Canyon, 2200 feet above the sea. We step out and look up at the long incline which is 3000 feet long and at the top, Echo Mountain, we are 1300 feet higher than we were at Rubio Canyon. From Echo Mountain the view is fine. Here is located the observatory and the great World's Fair searchlight, which we will see tonight. From here starts the electric road that winds to Alpine Tavern. This road is a daring feat of engineering solidly built, yet ever winding and twisting and turning higher and higher as it skirts the vast depths of Millard and Grand Canyon. The picture is ever changing, you grow dizzy and distracted with the thought of an accident which never occurs. At one point, by looking up and down the mountain nine different tracks can be seen. Now we are at the tavern of Swiss architecture, its setting a solid wall of granite and guarded by trees of dense foliage in which the birds carol and squirrels jump from bough to bough. You can get a very good lunch for one dollar; you smile, but remember it costs something to transport grub up this mountain, just as it did the miners in '49. And now for the summit, the trail is three miles long and from the Alpine Tavern to the end of the trail at the summit the elevation is 1100 feet. You can walk or ride a burro; however you go, you will be highly entertained by the novelty of the trip and the beauty of the winding landscape. At the summit one is charmed with the beauty and loveliness of the valleys below. It is not the immensity or the grandeur or the height of Mt. Lowe, but the never ending diversity of scenery and the wondrous beauty of nature's handiwork. As we stroll along the walk leading from the tavern around the mountain side, we are confronted with a unique and interesting sight, bushes covered with cards

and papers on which were the names and addresses of thousands of people from many parts of the world. It is a veritable matrimonial bureau or correspondence school. On many of the cards would be invitations to write—a pleasing and harmless diversion for the tourist. At 7 p. m. we take our last look for the present at Alpine Tavern and its picturesque surroundings, step into a car and slowly and carefully descend the tortuous route to Echo Mountain. Here we were ordered by the man in charge of the searchlight to follow him. He conducted us to the mountain side of the plateau where a small cannon is emplaced and it is fired to show visitors the wonderful series of echoes whose reverberations rumble off through the distant peaks in a crescendo of sound out of all proportion to the size of the charge. The shades of night are falling and now we walk off to the right quite a distance to the observatory, where we take a peep at the moon through the great telescope. To us the moon seemed cream color and cone shaped. As we gazed at this non-luminous body for a comparison, our memory, ever on the alert, flashes back to years gone by when church festivals were in vogue. We could see, in the large cake covered with icing with folds like craters and cone-shaped, a veritable miniature moon. Astronomers would see it in a different light, they would make their comparisons with stellar, solar or some celestial body.

On the crest of the plateau is the great searchlight, brought from the Columbian Exposition of 1893 in Chicago. It has a history. "It was made by the General Electric Company to demonstrate that the United States could rival Germany in the construction of these great lights." Well do we remember being seated on the grass near one of those quiet lagoons while we watched first presumably the same flashlight as the picture of Presi-

dent, at that time, Cleveland, also Mayor Harrison and many others were flashed on the buildings, and all space seemed to be filled with brilliant light; then came the spectacular fireworks, the admiration of the world. San Francisco will have to get up and hump herself if she even comes up to the standard set by the World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago in 1893. But to return, the searchlight has not lost its power, as was fully demonstrated by sending the light up the mountain side and into the canyons down to the valley onto the farm houses, even disturbing the chickens and making them fly off their roosts as if another day had dawned for them. These after-night scenes are well worth while, do not come away without seeing them. Down the incline we come, and after we are seated in a car bound for home we have time to think of the delightful time we have had. Tired, of course, but with a clear conscience, a sound body and mind, we anticipate rest in slumber as sweet and innocent as a babe. How glad we ought to be that one-third of our time we can live without any effort on our part. What a blessing is sleep; yea, more, it is a luxury divine. We cannot fight the battles of life without it; we need it in our business, in our homes, everywhere and every day, just as we need the one day in the week for rest from all labor, whether we spend it in the worship of God or otherwise, we need the rest. If you are not permitted to visit Mt. Lowe, read our description and let your imagination take in what we have left out and where we have digressed from the thought of description. We offer no excuse, as from the beginning it has been in our mind to drop a line from a long experience that will do you good.

To visit the Pacific Coast and not see and inspect one or more of the Spanish Mission churches would be an

unpardonable breach of the good will and kindly feeling we ought to have for old Mother Isabella for the important part she played in the discovery of our continent over four hundred years ago. Yet we fear if there ever was a feeling of filial devotion in the hearts of our ancestors for the queen, the late Cuban unpleasantness has caused the present generation to think of the Spanish nation as being usurpers and therefore not worthy of our consideration. However that may be, the missions are here and time was when they were a mighty factor in civilizing the aborigines of our country.

Let us go to San Gabriel, that means Saint Gabriel. It is located twelve miles from Los Angeles in the San Gabriel Valley, said to be one of the best valleys in the state. The oldest orange grove in the state is found in this valley. Yesterday, July 13, 1911, by the courtesy of the owner, we were permitted to pluck ripe oranges from a tree forty years old. Seedlings, of course, but they were large, sweet and juicy. Near this grove, about a mile east of San Gabriel, is located the home for the orphans of Masons. It is a magnificent building, situated on a plat of ten acres of land, planted with orange and lemon groves, shade trees and flowers which make it a pleasant home for the thirty children now being cared for by that great order, of which we are all so glad to be a part.

We want to tell you about the grape vine; it is 136 years old. Its branches cover an area of 9,000 square feet; that means it covers a lot 60x150 feet. Its foliage is so dense that the sun's rays never penetrate in the summer time. The fruit is used for wine and jelly and the crop is abundant every year. The trunk is in three sections, but if solid it would be two feet in diameter. It used to belong to the Mission church, but is owned now

by private parties, who, no doubt, harvest a good crop of silver as well as grapes, but it is worth the ten cents to go to see it. If you wish to enter this vine-clad arbor, give four taps on the bell and the door will silently and mysteriously swing open; then you walk in and feast your eyes on the oldest, the largest and most wonderful grape vine in the United States, if not in the world.

There are twenty-one Spanish Mission churches in California. The first one built at San Diego in 1769, the last one near San Francisco in 1796. When you have seen one, you have seen the counterpart of them all. Most of them have fallen into ruins. The ones at San Gabriel and Santa Barbara are the best preserved. The one at San Gabriel looks like it will stand for centuries to come, and no doubt the walls will, for they are five feet thick from the foundation to the top and made of brick and mortar and plastered on the outside. Much of the plaster has scaled off, which gives the building an antiquated appearance. As we enter this old one-and-a-half-story structure we see relics of by-gone days from Spain, others from Mexico; some worth while, many not worth mentioning. An old painting brought from Spain in 1771 represents the Trinity, the Father on the right, the Son on the left and the Holy Spirit is the picture of a dove above and between the others. A confessional, old and worn from constant use for more than a hundred years. A baptismal font, made of copper, where twelve thousand Indians have been baptized by pouring water on their heads. A crucifix, probably eight feet long, with a wooden Messiah nailed to the cross, to be carried in the procession on Palm Sunday, which was brought from Spain in 1771. Vestments 137 years old, and they looked it. The old cedar doors were hung on pivots instead of hinges. The oldest book in the library was a Latin Bible

printed in 1489. Up in the belfry are four bells, famous for their chimes; once there were six, but two were taken during the Mexican war. The kitchen joining the church was built by the Indians in 1719 and has a tile floor. Standing by the kitchen is a giant rose bush, sixty years old. Back of the church a few hundred yards is the cemetery, the surface as level as a floor, filled with slabs of marble and wooden markers. Many of the superscriptions are illegible, and this old cemetery only adds to the gloom and funereal aspect of the dingy old building, both inside and out. If old relics appeal to you, go and see these if you have the opportunity.

We have given you this chapter on Spanish Missions because the Pacific Coast, and especially California, is now, has been and for all time to come will be very closely interwoven with the old fathers who named the towns, the rivers and mountains, and who in the year 1542 pitched their tents at San Diego and proclaimed to the world a discovery that has meant so much to humanity. And now we will leave them with you; they are here to stay, their rights are undisputed and will be respected as long as they conform to the laws of this great state. During the Exposition year, 1915, when San Diego and San Francisco will celebrate the opening or completion of the Panama Canal, the Spanish Missions will be brought very much to the front, and you will hardly be allowed to forget that Pacific Coast history began at San Diego. Cabrillo arrived in 1542, the Mission Fathers came in 1769.

Once more, and for the last time, we invite you to take another trip with us; we have kept the best for the last—that is, it is the best for the money—one hundred miles for one hundred cents; an all-day excursion, not tiresome, but pleasant and restful, made so by an experienced

guide in every car, who will entertain and amuse you from start to finish. Remember, as you read, we are not writing to advertise these sight-seeing trips, or the cities or country or people or climate or beaches or railroads or corporations or private business. None of these, while they appeal to us and are worth mentioning, some of the necessary adjuncts to civilization just as mountains, valleys, rivers, oceans and other attributes, are necessary in making an earth. But we are writing, as we have already stated, with two distinct objects in view; one is to write a book different from any you have read, and the other is to give you a thought that will raise you a degree higher toward a better life—the only one worth while. Some people would not see much good in a sight-seeing pleasure trip, but to us it is the quintessence of all that is lovely and good, and that is why we want to tell you about them.

One goes through Hollywood, a beautiful suburb near Los Angeles, through the largest oil district in the southern part of the state and on to the National Soldiers' Home. Here is where you see the good being done on this trip. We see what a grand old government we have and how good it is to these three thousand old war veterans who make their homes here. With massive barracks and numerous government buildings set in a park covering seven hundred acres, this place is aptly termed the "Old Soldier's Paradise." We asked one of the old veterans where these men came from, and if they were happy. His answer was: "They came from every state in the Union, and this home is not like having a home of your own." How true! And the thought came to our mind, "Be it ever so humble, there is no place like home." But these veterans will not need a home here much longer. Not many years hence they will have answered

the last roll call, and after that the next reveille will be at the dawn of the judgment day. It is surely a great comfort and a source of satisfaction to the relatives and friends of these ex-soldiers to know they are so well provided for in their old age—not only here, but also at Dayton, Ohio, at Marion, Indiana, and other places.

Now we are at Santa Monica, eighteen miles from Los Angeles. Nature and man have combined to make Santa Monica a city of rare attractions. Nature gave it its wonderful combination of mountain, valley, beach and ocean. It is one of the most beautiful residential cities of the Pacific Coast. The cars pass along an immense boulevard for two miles overlooking the sea, and an exclusive attraction for the passengers on this trip is the "Camera Obscura." At Playa Del Rey we get a fish luncheon, and why not? You can sit at the table and fish out of the window and listen to the lap, lap of the water as it gently beats against the sides and under the floor of the dining hall.

Next we are at Redondo Beach, celebrated not only as a pleasure resort, but a port of no small magnitude. This is the first port of call for some of the steamships south of 'Frisco. Here is found the largest hot salt plunge bath house in the world. Seven thousand bathers can be accommodated at one time. Fishing is a favorite pastime, as nowhere else on the coast do the fish bite more frequently. A little farther up the coast and we come to Moonstone Beach, where the fun begins. As the water goes out, follow, and just as you stoop to pick up a moonstone here comes a wave and runs you back beyond danger. The experiment is tried time and again; finally a wave will take you unaware, soak your shoes with water, and then you are willing to quit without capturing any precious stones, and if you get any to bring home, you

must buy them from those who have been more fortunate in their search. This endless round of give and take reminds one of the Irishman who was digging a ditch. A man said to him: "Pat, why are you digging that ditch?" Pat replied: "Well, Sor, I am digging the ditch to earn the money to buy the food to give me strength to dig the ditch."

And now for Venice of America, the wonderland of the West; the most completely equipped amusement and pleasure resort on the Pacific Coast, sure enough gondolas, Venetian Villa City, scenic and miniature railways and the monster racing coaster, the large aquarium, the great auditorium and many other places of interest and amusement, all of which make Venice a worthy rival of her Italian namesake and a very pleasant place to remember as our last resort before starting on our homeward journey. A day spent in pleasure, amusement and recreation; was it a day lost? Is a day of rest lost? To lie on the grass under the trees and listen to the murmur of water, and watch the clouds float under the sky and hear the happy song of the bird and the drone of the bee as it extracts the honey from the flower and communes with nature and nature's God is to rest and live for one brief day. Then back to the daily toil, rested in body and mind, happy and contented to do the work assigned.

Last year we visited a factory where twenty-seven hundred men worked day after day from morning till night—great brawny men, with muscles of steel; they seemed a part of the mighty machinery, working with an accuracy and precision that was well nigh perfect. Some there were of these men, whose average life was four years at the work they were doing. Foreigners, of course, but they were splendid specimens of physical manhood; no pigmy could stand the work for a day. We, like many

others, are sticklers for Sabbath observance, caused no doubt from our zeal for the good of humanity and our conception of the Divine will; but the question arises when we see and know of the vast army of men who work in factories like a part of the machinery week after week. is it wrong for them to go on the Sabbath day on an excursion boat or train to find rest and pleasure, amusement and recreation in the woods, on the lake or beach, in the park or the summer resort. To the one who goes to church and Sunday school regularly it would seem wicked and uncalled for, but to those on whose shoulders the burdens of humanity do not rest it may be the acme of happiness and right living. It is a present day problem to be solved by the individual and the family. We solved it long ago by learning that there was no place like home to rest; that one day in seven was the best of them all; it was like an oasis in the desert of business life. We looked forward to that one day with joy and pleasure, because we knew there was rest in the home, and when men and women learn (and many have) that their home is a synonym for peace and pleasure and happiness and virtue and rest, then the problem of Sunday excursions for rest will be solved and happy homes will be in evidence all over our land. But listen, the guide who has so faithfully pointed out all the places of interest and told the whys and the wherefores as though he never got tired or weary telling the same thing over and over day after day—but he has a different audience every day—he is on a par with the spellbinder and has the advantage of the preacher. Now he is making his last speech just before we reach the station. He says, "If any of you are not satisfied with your day's outing and feel like you have not had the worth of your dollar in sight-seeing and pleasure, as soon as you get off the car go to the ticket

agent and tell him you want your money back and I will guarantee that you will not get it," and so endeth the writing of the last sight-seeing trip. And we hope you will enjoy reading them. Some one said, "Happiness does not depend on money or leisure, or society or even health; it depends on our relation to those we love." Another said, "The importance of a home it is impossible to exaggerate. What is liberty without it? What is education in schools without it? The greatness of no nation can be secure that is not based upon a home life." And so it has been; down through the ages have come exhortations for a happy home life. By precept and example from time immemorial much stress has been brought to bear on the subject of a happy home life, and why not? It transcends every other condition. If a nation cannot be secure except it be based on a pure home life, then the home must be the foundation of the structure and the most essential part. Then take heed and like the wise man build the superstructure of the home life on the solid foundation, on a rock as it were, instead of the sand, so that when the storms of adversity come, as they sometimes do, the home will be the haven of refuge and rest. Shut away from the world, the man will find in the home the sympathy he craves, the willing hands, the words of encouragement and, above all, the perfect love and trust from the companion and family that gives rest to the tired mind and body and peace to his soul. But this is possible only where there is a perfect understanding and where the man makes a confidant of his wife in his business. In every relation of life there should be no secrets, but a perfect blending of lives, one into the other. Try it and note the effect. When a man becomes so absorbed in his business that he neglects his home and family, when he ceases to give his wife that

confidence and trust that is hers by right, just that soon will they begin to drift apart. Even when success crowns his efforts in the business world this is wrong; but should circumstances, which a man cannot always control, cause his suspension in business, the way is paved for a tragedy, the import of which is far reaching and might have been prevented had the family only known. We want to weave into the tapestry of this book a short story to show how unsafe and unwise it is for a man not to keep in touch with his family and they with him in the business life, in the social life and in the home life. The story may be true or it may not. If statistics are true that eighty per cent of the business men of our country fail sometime during life, then it might apply to one of the present age, for only yesterday in the Senate Chamber of the United States Senator Kenyon of Iowa, in voice prophetic, said: "We are living in an extravagant age. We are money mad and racing through life at a neck-breaking pace, piling up fortune on fortune; men with millions striving for more, never stopping to think that there is no pocket in the shroud. The rich are flaunting their riches in the faces of the poor. We see a hundred and twenty thousand dollar organ at the opening of a millionaire's home in New York and a long line of hungry men at midnight in the same city constituting the bread line." "Girls working in stores for five dollars a week, but the proprietors dying and leaving millions to museums. Is it any wonder that the people of this country are restless?" We should say not; if it is true, and we would not dare to dispute the word of a United States senator, it is a terrible arraignment. It is just what we have been wanting to say all the time, but we were afraid we would hurt some millionaire's feelings. But when we have back of us a member of the highest

legislative body in our country we feel safe. But we will settle all the trouble next year at the election, and those money-mad millionaires will remember a lesson they never forget from one election to another. If they will contribute liberally to the campaign fund, they may pile up all the millions they can without fear or favor. How we pity those New Yorkers who have to sit up till midnight to get their suppers. There is something wrong in Gotham. It is an overdose of prosperity or a reaction. We will have the senator explain the cause; we know the effect.

SAVED AS BY A MIRACLE.

"We must give that reception, mamma," said Clara. "We owe so many favors, how shall we ever return them all unless we begin entertaining pretty soon? And yet I am tired of it all. I do not enjoy anything any more. I feel like I would enjoy being away from it all for a whole year. Here we have invitations to some social function every afternoon for about two weeks. I do not suppose we can entertain for a while, and, to tell the truth, I am glad of it." Her mother replied: "I cannot understand why you do not enjoy yourself; it seems to me you have everything to make you happy and contented. You are beautiful and one of the most popular girls in the city, and you have everything you want." "Yes, but it is the same thing over and over; parties are all very much alike. My friends all say about the same thing to me, and often I feel like I am wasting the best part of my life in this endless and never-ceasing round of social events for pleasure and amusement. I would like to do something worth while to make others happy, who are less for-

fortunate that we, it would be more pleasure to me than spending all my time in a social way. But, mamma, do you know what is worrying papa? He seems so changed just in the last few days. I wanted to ask you before, but have not had a chance." "Why, I hadn't noticed any change. Let me think; he has seemed absorbed; I suppose in his business as usual. The only difference I can recall was that a few days ago he asked me if I could be a little more economical without depriving us of any pleasure, and that is something he has never mentioned before since we were married twenty-five years ago." "Poor papa, I fear there is something wrong. Do you know, mother, I feel like we were not doing our duty, giving so much of our time to social life and neglecting the home life? Only a few days ago I heard Mr. Proctor say that the financial condition of the country was deplorable and that a money panic was imminent." "Listen, daughter, I want to tell you something. When your papa and I were married he was a business man with good prospects; we had our home, not as pretentious as this, but we were comfortable. I had several thousand dollars from my father's estate. I said to your papa, 'Take my money and put it into your business and some day we will be rich,' for I had every confidence in his business ability, and I said, 'we will be partners in the store and in the home. I want you to make a confidant of me; if you have trials and troubles, bring them home with you and I will share them with you.' And this is what he said: 'I think it is the wife's duty to look after the home, and the husband's duty to look after the business, and with that understanding we will begin our married life.' And he said it in a way that I could not mistake his meaning. Now, do you wonder that I know nothing of his financial condition? He is a good husband and

father, and in a general way I know he has prospered, but the happiness of our married life has been sadly marred because he has not made a confidant of me in his business affairs. And should reverses come, which I do not apprehend, no one can be more willing or ready to give sympathy and help than your mother."

While this conversation was going on, Mr. Hastings, the husband and father, was seated in his private office in deep meditation. "Why have I not the courage," he thought. "I can do no good by living. True, I could make a moderate salary, but not enough to satisfy a family that has always been used to having every wish and want gratified, and I cannot face my wife and daughter and tell them that everything is gone—everything, and they will have to give up their life of luxury and ease, their beautiful home; tell them they are penniless paupers. I can't, I can't. If I take my life I can leave them fairly well provided for, enough at least until Robert gets through college; then he can help them. I will write a note and tell them all. It will be a terrible shock to them, but it will be better than living in poverty."

While he was writing, Mr. Moore came to the office door, receiving a response to his knock to "Come in." He said to Mr. Hastings on entering his office: "Had you forgotten the church committee meeting? It is time for it now."

The two men hurried away, Mr. Hastings thinking he would finish his writing when he returned. A few minutes after the men had gone Robert Hastings came into the office on his way home from college. "I'll help my father a while with his correspondence, or until he returns; then we will go home together for dinner. I know he will return soon, for his desk is all littered up, and that shows he was called away suddenly. He never

leaves his desk like this, for he believes in keeping everything in its place, and I know he would like for me to help him, for I know just how he wants it done." And thus Robert talked to himself while he was busy arranging the desk. "Here is a letter he has begun; I will finish it for him. Oh, my father! What can this mean? Is it possible he has lost his fortune, that it is all gone; that we are a family left penniless; that I, Robert Hastings, am a pauper? Think how I lavished money on my friends!" Words like these fell from his lips unconsciously, and as he read on, he exclaimed with fear and tender solicitude: "Oh, it can not be that our father would take his life! The loss of our fortune would be nothing compared to the loss of him. He shall not, I'll prevent it!" He was still at the desk when his father returned. "Why, Robert, are you here? You will be late to dinner."

"When I came in," said Robert, "I thought I would help you with your writing, as I often do; then, when you came, we could go home together. I thought I would finish the letter you had commenced. But oh, father, when I read it I could not realize that it was true!"

"Yes, my boy, it is true, and it is killing me to think that my family must suffer and be impoverished because your father has been shipwrecked in the financial storm that is sweeping over our country."

"Oh, it is not that, father, but to think that you would plan to take your own life for our benefit in a financial way!"

"Yes, my son, it was my love for my family that tempted me to take my life, because I could not bear to see them want for anything."

"Father, can't you realize that you are more to us than all the money you could make or save for us? Then, think of the wrong you are doing in the sight of God!

No, you can not, you must live! I need you more than I need the money. I need you to help me to make the kind of a man you would like me to be. I have it all planned how I will make my way through college and help you all I can. Perhaps some day I will be, if not distinguished, a man that my father will be proud to call his son. For, you know, the greatest and best men of the past and present are self-made men. Some have worked their way through college and scaled to the top of the ladder of fame, while others are to the front in the business world. So you see, father, we are not so bad off after all."

"Robert, you will never know how much you are to me; you have saved my life. You have shown me my weakness, when I ought to be strong. You have put new hope into me, and now I can go with you and tell your mother and sister, and we will begin life's battles again, but in a different way."

When Mr. Hastings and Robert reached home, they went to the library. Robert left his father seated on a couch, while he went to find his mother and sister. He found them rather impatiently waiting to be taken out to dinner, for it was past the hour. Robert told them his father was in the library and wanted to see them, as he had something to tell them. They followed him into the library; Mrs. Hastings seated herself on the couch by her husband, while the son and daughter were seated near, that they might not lose a word of what their father had to say. Mr. Hastings lost no time in the sad recital, and in a subdued voice he told them all. How he had lost all his wealth, going into the minutest details that they might understand how it could be; and how he had hoped to leave them comfortably provided for, had not Robert, as by a miracle, prevented him. Mrs. Hastings

was visibly affected during the recital, but instinctively her hand went to that of her husband, and in that hand-clasp the bond of sympathy which had lain dormant, perhaps for years, had been strengthened by adversity, and they realized as never before a new life dawning, which, though fraught with hardships and innumerable discomforts, would be holier, purer and happier than ever before. Clara, who had listened so quietly, while her heart ached for her dear father, whom she loved dearly, came to his side, and putting her arms around his neck, said, "Now, don't worry; we can live. Of course, it will be a great change, but think of the great number of people in the world who work for a living and seem to be happy and contented! Why can't we be?"

And so they talked and planned together for the future, until Clara became very enthusiastic about what she could do to help her father, and Robert told of his hopes for success in his chosen profession, after he had worked his way through college, and Mrs. Hastings said: "My dear children, I thought at first that this was the crisis in my life, the decisive moment when my trouble would begin, but I believe it will prove a blessing. We shall learn to see the real purpose of life, and thus we will have more sympathy for others. Already we are brought nearer to each other than we have ever been before, and I realize as never before this hour, how all alone your dear father has been fighting the battle to keep his dear ones from poverty, and we all realize that he has done all he could for our comfort and happiness. So let us make the best of our changed condition, and hope for a bright and happy future." Mr. Hastings arose, and taking his wife's hands in his, said:

"Your words have been a source of comfort to me. Henceforth we will be one in thought, as well as in deeds."

OBSERVATIONS OF THE PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE.

We have observed in the past that the man who was in the habit of going security for a friend was always a loser before he made up his mind to refuse.

That being in debt caused more worry and more suicides than all other causes combined.

That your best friends were more willing to give you advice than to loan you money.

That the man seldom marries the girl he loved when he was a boy, except in novels.

That the happiest married people on earth are the man and wife who hide no secrets from each other.

That the man who takes stimulants to make him strong physically is weak intellectually.

That the man who frequents a saloon is not as happy as the man who has the will power to stay away.

That the man who succeeds in business and has the most friends is the one who gives sixteen ounces for a pound.

That the defeated candidate for office finds out how many liars there are.

That good health and a conscience devoid of evil intent are specific antidotes for unhappiness.

That men who own factories and pay their employes living wages and a per cent of the net profit never have any strikes or discontent. Take Proctor & Gamble, at Ivorydale, Ohio, as an example.

That some people complain as much when the cost of living is low as when it is high, especially the farmer.

That during the civil war the meanest men and the most unprincipled were placed in authority over the prisoners of war, both North and South.

That in 1855 there was only one millionaire between the Allegheny and Rocky mountains.

That the preachers fifty years ago could tell as near where Heaven is as the preachers in 1911 can.

That while "Money is the root of all evil," it is a power for doing good.

That the civil war was the foundation on which was built civic licentiousness and graft.

That many commissary officers went into the army poor and came out with thousands of dollars.

That it is immaterial how a man made his money; the question is, what is he worth?

But why write of the present? It is ever with us. It is a matter of history today that President Taft visited this city yesterday, and tomorrow not even the newspapers can tell for sure what will come to pass. We have written of the past much and truthfully. We have extolled the present as the days have come and gone, and tried to show you the vast difference in then and now, of the new thought, new religions, new politics, new promoters, new problems, new schemes, new organizations, new friends, new fashions, new associations, and even two new states. We will leave the present with you. It will soon be the past, and of the future we have guessed at just as accurately as we knew how.

We observe that of the future we know nothing definite. From observations of the past and present we are led to believe that the aim of the human family is to spend eternity in heaven. What or where heaven is, different peoples have different conceptions. But the civilized and

the savage believe it is a place where happiness and peace and love and contentment will fill their souls, and eternal enjoyment will be their portion. That they also believe that to reach heaven they must pass through the portal of death. Grim thought, is death. We don't like to talk about it, and why? Because it is inevitable. Jesus said: "The Kingdom of God is within you"; he also said: "The Kingdom of God cometh not by observation." If the Kingdom of God is heaven, and heaven is on earth within us, and after death another heaven, how universally happy mankind ought to be! There are millions of people who do not believe in the teaching of Jesus. But we have observed that those who do believe are the best and happiest people on the earth. They have done and are doing more for humanity than all the multiplied millions of unbelievers in the world. That being an incontrovertible fact, the teaching of the Master seems a safe and sane guide. Let us assume that heaven and hades are mental conditions—which is a popular and practical conception. Then may not the finite being bring to pass a part, at least, of that memorable prayer, the one that gives faith and hope and love to the whole Christian world: "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." Many people today are basking in an ideal heaven of happiness by their kindness and charity and help and encouragement to those who are less fortunate; unobserved, but pressing onward, doing good to their fellowmen, year by year passing on to a higher degree; preparing, as it were, for a glorious future beyond the river. Think you there is no heaven on this earth? If the one beyond is ideal, why not have one here, a preparatory one, so that when the change comes it will be one step higher, and we do not know how many transitions there are. We may go on and on through all eter-

nity, higher and higher in the celestial universe. By faith the Christian can see the heaven beyond, just as surely as he knows the Kingdom of God is within him. It is an undisputed fact that believing a thing is so does not make it so, and yet we must have some thought or some belief in the mysteries of the future. As for this life, we know that when we have done an unselfish act there is a feeling of happiness that thrills our being, and when we realize the fact that the brotherhood of man is real, instead of a theory, then we will know the significance of the greatest commandment, to "Love God with all your heart, and your neighbor as yourself." This can be attained by right living; then the future life will not seem like a leap in the dark, a thundering Niagara, a very inferno of carnage, like a Gettysburg; but a quiet, calm and peaceful passing from the life that now is to the one beyond. As observations of the past come to the memory of the one who has lived the allotted three score and ten years, there is no illusion about that life. Grim reality has marked the way, ever onward to the goal of human destiny—the end of mortal life. To some, no doubt; a retrospect of their past life would bring sadness, rather than joy. To others it would bring peace to their souls like a divine benediction or a heavenly amen. But the aged pilgrim at the sunset of life, while he waits for the dawn of eternity, lives over and over the past life. His mind is not centered on events that make history, nor on the incidental happenings in the world in which he has lived so many years. It was not of the people he was thinking, a vast majority of whom were trying to make an honest living for themselves and families. Not of politics, with its impurity and its uncertainty. Not of the saloon, race, or social problems. Not of the increasing

ratio of divorces. Not of the few men who control the finances of our great country. Not of the fact that there are three million more Christian women in North America than men. Not of the great multitude of men and women who think only of pleasure and sinful indulgence. Not of those who commune with nature and nature's God and believe that man is the greatest asset in the universe, and that his liabilities to his creator can only be canceled by his daily service. None of these thoughts nor any others of vital interest to the world are given prominent place in his mind. But the memory of his own life is like a harp with a thousand chords. Some are lost, others bring sweet music to his waiting soul, while others bring discord and sorrow and even shame. If he could go back in reality, as he can in memory, and live over again those years that have been woven into the history of his life! Methinks I hear the aged pilgrim, in trembling accents, say: If I were a boy again, my life must be pure and good and noble. No stain must blot or mar the character bequeathed to me by a devoted mother, who is my inspiration through life.

Now there is silence in the memory of the aged pilgrim. It would be a sacrilege to disturb him while his mind lingers on, to him, that beneficent being, mother. Sacred is her memory, not only to him, but all the children of men respond in sympathy and love and devotion to that word, the primordial principle on which our characters have been built.

Mother and wife—synonyms for love and joy and peace and happiness, and all that makes life worth living. Again the old pilgrim rouses from the long silence, and for the last time before he launches out on the ocean of eternity, he speaks of what might have been had he known the

future as he now knows the past. Not in tones of regret or disappointment did he talk. He spoke of his failure and success, of the dark and bright sides of his life, of the folly of intemperance and riotous living that destroy the mind and fill the body with pain and disease. He spoke of his mother in loving tones, of his childhood and boyhood days, of his school and college days, of his temptations, of his struggle in the business world, of the time when he gave his life to his Master in his young manhood days and promised to keep His commandments. But when he spoke of his wife there was a look of sadness on his face. But as he told of the forty years they had traveled hand in hand along life's sometimes rugged pathway, and then again along the flower-bordered walk of happiness and joy and trust, there came over his face a look of resignation, mingled with pity and love. After gazing off into space with tear-dimmed eyes, he finally said: "Yes at the age of sixty-two, just when the best part of life had begun for us, He took her home. I am waiting patiently the summons to go there too." Then he repeated this beautiful poem by Oliver Wendell Holmes, gathered a little grandchild into his arms and crooned a lullaby:

'Tis yet high day, thy staff resume,
And fight fresh battles for the truth;
For what is age but youth's full bloom.
A riper, more transcendant youth!
A weight of gold
Is never old,
Streams broader grow as downward rolled.

At sixty-two life has begun;
At seventy-three begin once more;
Fly swifter as thou near'st the sun,
And brightest shine at eighty-four;
At ninety-five
Should'st thou arrive;
Still wait on God, and work and thrive.

GEO. W. BRYAN.

Los Angeles, Cal., October 17, 1911.

JAN 4 1912

One copy del. to Cat. Div.

JAN 4 1912

